

commonweal

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MAY 25, 1979

THE EDITORS ET AL.

**Looking toward 1980:
Why not the best?**

St. Charles Seminary Library
Carthage, Ohio

ROBERT HOWARD

**Going bust
in Youngstown**

John Ahern
PRINT REVOLUTION

Sidney Callahan
SAINTS & SCHIZOS

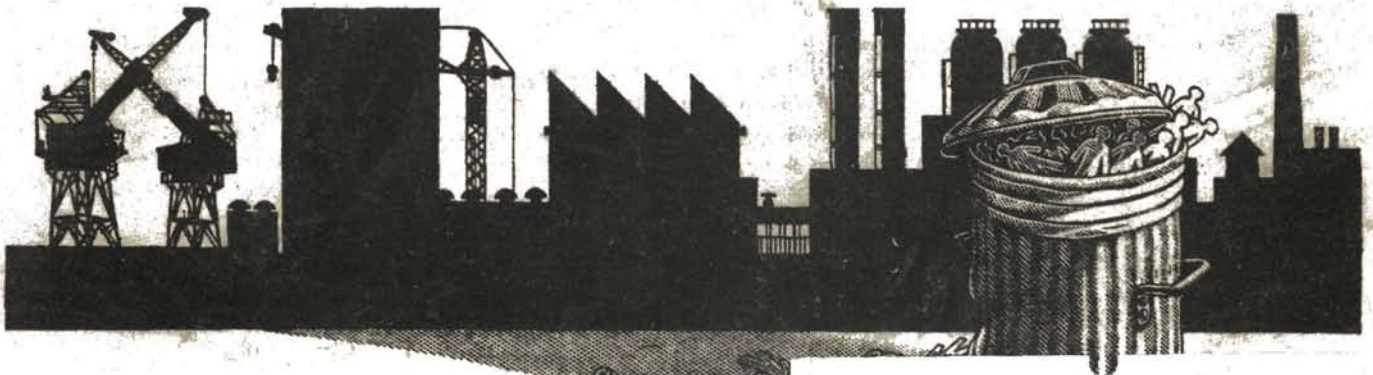
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GEORGE ELIOT LIVES

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ELIE WIESEL

Jack Miles
**THE UNIVERSITY
PRESS & RESEARCH**



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Correspondence

Better red than dead?

Farmington Hills, Mi.

To the Editors: I enjoyed the article about the survival of the American Indian by Robert A. Hecht in the March 30 issue. We have spent so many years teaching the Indian "the white man's way," that it is only slowly that we are allowing him to teach us.

First, in the area of treaties and sovereignty, the Indians are tripping us up on the snares we laid to entrap them.

Second, we are learning their lessons on the importance of nature and ecology, storytelling and mythology.

Third, I believe it is the Indians in the Western hemisphere more than the Communists or Socialists, who will force us to come to terms with what we really mean by "the right to private property." Though "this land is your land / this land is my land," it was the Red Man's first.

VIRGINIA M. MITCHELL

Profits without honor

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: Congratulations on your excellent summary of the AFL-CIO's position in your March 30 article, "Is the AFL-CIO Wrong?". This succinctly set forth our concerns with the use of government procurement as a mandatory control feature without appropriate legislative authority.

The recent price figures show that the 7.0 percent wage guideline is completely unrealistic in view of the 9.9 percent annual rate of inflation. In the meantime profits continue to rise without any restrictions. Workers are being made the scapegoats of the anti-inflation program.

RUDY OSWALD

Director, Department of Research,
AFL-CIO

Make work, not war

Moultonboro, N.H.

To the Editors: Don't you think that Frank Getlein's "Peace Dividend,

Hah," [Mar. 13] was a little too hard on the State Dept. and the Pentagon? After all there has been a number of companies since W.W. II, which could not switch over from war materials to useful consumer goods, and still make large profits and provide employment for thousands of mistrained American workers. These companies with incompetent management, would have folded and their employees would have been out of work. Rather than start up the W.P.A. and the P.W.A., the government, taking advantage of the people's ignorance of Russian history and fear of other ideas, got the State Department and the Pentagon to scare the American people into believing that without the so-called defense industries, the Soviets or whoever would destroy us. If the Pentagon were to change its tune now and tell us that there was no longer a need for arms production; you can imagine the uproar that would follow. . . .

There is probably not one person in this country who does not reap financial benefit from some kind of government spending. The make-work project, known as the Defense Industries, pumps a lot of money into what otherwise would be terribly depressed areas, and helps the working man there keep his self-esteem by staying off the ordinary welfare roles. The people of those areas must ever be grateful to their congress and senators. . .

It is just too bad, if we must manufacture armaments, that we let the generals and admirals play soldier and sailor with them. They could hurt themselves, their subordinates and millions of people. Why can't we set up a regular cycle of make-work projects for those who can't work at anything else? For instance, a defense plant in California makes tanks; the government buys them at a good price and ships them by rail to New York where an "ecological salvage plant" takes them all apart and sends them back to the defense plant in California where the cycle starts again. . . . This cycle can keep the defense worker employed and create employment in other areas, getting people off regular welfare, and no one need admit that he is dependent on Uncle Sam. The railroads with passenger service will also be revived. . . .

The money the government saves on this recycling can be used not only for defense but also for an offense against the real enemies of our country; disease, crime and ignorance which breeds fear of men and ideas.

MATTHEW F. COSTELLO

No blandchildren

Shelburne, Vt.

To the Editors: It's almost a relief to take issue with a recent article by John Garvey ["Bad Thoughts, May 30] I'm usually in such total accord with his views that I feared for my critical soul. So it feels good to differ with him.

My experience of St. Patrick's School (Southern and parochial) and John Garvey's experience of St. Agnes Grade School are deliciously the same. I realized my reminiscences of all that his article brought to mind. But I do not share his worries with regard to the bland form in which our children are learning their religion. This could be due in part to the fact that our children are not engaged in any formal religious education. Rather their parents are engaged in the awesome and ever-challenging task of transmitting a living tradition.

Hopefully our children are growing in an excitement for the sacred in life. True, they are not as familiar with stories of saints who have died for the faith. But I feel that they are more aware of the kind of dying involved in living for the commonweal. Their public school experience has them, at six and eight years of age, discussing issues from atheism to abortion.

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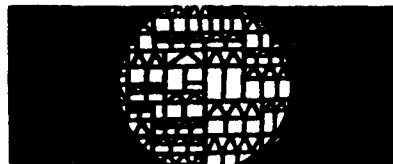
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commonweal



WHY NOT THE BEST?

THREE YEARS AGO Jimmy Carter, then known as Jimmy Who?, traveled the nation and promised us a government as good and compassionate and decent as the American people. There were other promises as well: to reduce military spending by \$5 to \$7 billion a year; to make America the bread basket rather than the arms merchant of the world; to reform the welfare system and reduce unemployment; to radically revise the tax structure—a “disgrace to the human race”; to save the cities (remember the trip to the South Bronx?) and bring civil rights and economic justice to blacks. But at the time, with the mud from Nixon's boots still soiling the White House rug, the promise of decency seemed almost enough.

Today, with some foreign policy accomplishments to his credit, Jimmy Carter, his stomach flattened by daily running and his hair newly parted on the left, has taken to the road again, this time to hang onto the presidency so narrowly won two-and-a-half years ago. Meanwhile an Associated Press poll shows that only 26 percent of the people think he is doing a good or excellent job, and every day more Democrats become convinced that, on crucial social and economic issues, Carter is flunking the leadership test. The National Committee for a Democratic Alternative, charging that Carter's budget priorities give an extra \$10 billion to the Pentagon and deprive elderly widows of burial money and hungry children of milk, has begun the search for a 1980 candidate committed to those suffering most from inflation—the poor, the sick, the elderly, the jobless, the minorities; Ralph Nader has called for consumer groups, antinuclear organizations, community-based citizens' organizations and some major trade unions to form a new political party; and Democratic groups in Cleveland, St. Paul and other cities have begun a movement to draft Senator Edward Kennedy.

From the beginning, in tune with his expressed moral principles yet frustrated with his constant backing-off from his agenda of social reform, *Commonweal* has supported President Carter with what might be described as off-again-on-again muted enthusiasm. Now, in view of the dissatisfaction with his leadership *Commonweal* has written to a cross-section of our contributors and asked: Should President Carter be re-elected? Are there better ways of finding better candidates? What are the key issues of the next two-to-ten years? We print excerpts from some answers on the following pages; but a number of recurring themes in the letters may tell us some significant things about an important representative, if not typical, part of the electorate.

There were quite a few *groans*—a gloomy conviction that we are entering a critical period in which the American “system,” with the government so controlled by the interlocking power of big business, the energy companies, the auto industry and the banks—all dominating the media and economic decision-making—can no longer respond to human needs. Thus, some argue, it is foolish to expect the

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electoral process to save us. In this spirit Kirkpatrick Sale told the story of the man who got food poisoning every time he ate mushrooms, but kept eating them, each time changing the color of the sauce.

Nevertheless, a good number of our correspondents, in spite of reservations about "the bridge, the car, and the cover-up," urged the election of Senator Kennedy as a man who could restore the true ideals of the Democratic party. Although a few correspondents felt we might have to settle for Carter again, he was in general described as "a hope quickly dashed, a man who talked community, concern, trust, but who soon fell into familiar patterns." As one Washington writer told us, "... he loses on two counts: abandoning his ideals and flubbing his pragmatic opportunities."

But in spite of the fact that most of the announced Republican candidates so far are as dismal a lot of retreads, pitchmen, lightweights, flakes, nasties and question marks as we have seen in years, our own judgment is that we cannot afford to withdraw from the electoral contest. It is of course a long, long time from May to November (1980), and we may find our editorial mind shifting in view of intervening events. But for the moment, if it is not time yet for Nader's third party, it is at least time to form a "third force," a coalition of activist citizens who really believe in a democracy fueled by liberal ideals and a common understanding of the dignity of man—dignity that demands a meaningful job, health care, freedom to speak one's mind and develop one's talents to their fullest.

Issues don't enter American politics ghost-like. They are put there by candidates. The "third force" needs to find candidates to run in the early primaries, of both parties if possible. (Our correspondents propose individuals like author Michael Harrington, Representative Ronald Dellums, and Sargent Shriver for the Democrats; one thinks, in addition, of Mo Udall and Nader himself.) The point would be to force the electorate and the other candidates to face the real issues of 1980: effective disarmament (not just the SALT "limitations"); public control of the energy industry; rationalization and renewal of our mass transportation systems; jobs for minority youth (in 15 years, one out of every five 18-year-olds will be black); tax reform that will lead to a fairer distribution of wealth and power; a shift of the economy from gluttonous consumerism to conserving our resources and providing security to the society's weakest members; "right-to-life" in the broadest sense of that term, including the issues of capital punishment, disarmament, abortion, welfare and decent health care. These are the issues Carter had a chance to address. Now the rest of us must take up the cause.

PART-TIME EDITOR: *Commonweal*, a biweekly journal published by Catholic laity, seeks to fill a low-paying, part-time editor's post (1½–2 days a week). Writing and editing ability as well as interest in books, current affairs and religion essential. Mail resumé and samples of published work (no phone, please) to: *Commonweal*, 232 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

1980—WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS

The Kennedy possibility

"I believe, it seems with a majority of my countrymen, that Edward Kennedy would make a fine president. I have a feeling he would like to be in the White House, but simply cannot see his way to getting there. I share all his apprehensions. The first of which is that he might be shot."

MARY McGRORY
COLUMNIST

And a vote for Brown

"After the experience of Carter, I doubt that the American people are ripe for another Wendell Willkie type candidate and I have no such to suggest. Right now my support goes to Jerry Brown who, while devious (what politician isn't), at least knows what century we are living in and has some ability to respond intellectually to its challenges."

VICTOR FERKISS
POLITICAL SCIENTIST, GEORGETOWN

The Democrats and peace

"There can be no doubt that the lines of the 1980 campaign, at least on the Democratic party side, will be the same as the Wilsonian slogan of 1916. Carter will assert that he kept American troops out of war, and his Republican opposition will be compelled to claim that this is so, but that in this process the world itself had been lost, that American influence had become a force without an effective deterrent. It will certainly not be ignored that 1916 was followed by the American entrance into war in 1917; that 1940 was followed by Roosevelt's having to take us into war in 1941; that 1948, which was a peaceful year with near-complete demilitarization was followed by 1950 and American involvement in the Korean War; that 1964 and Lyndon Johnson's landslide victory were followed almost immediately by an escalation of the war in Vietnam. It will not be forgotten that in each of these instances the Democratic party campaign was based on a peaceful solution to international problems, whereas Democratic practices involved the military imposition of that peace soon thereafter. As a result, the mood, the pressure to select an alternative candidate to Carter, will be especially powerful among those vehemently opposed to a leadership for whom Democratic party politics ultimately requires military engagement."

IRVING LOUIS HOROWITZ
SOCIOLOGIST, RUTGERS

Carter's Middle Eastern danger

"I only hope that the present treaty between Egypt and Israel, particularly in its Palestinians phase, will demonstrate to Carter that the Israeli government is probably not going to do what it must do regarding the Palestinians unless the

United States demands it. This seems to me the biggest danger to Carter over the next four or five years.” SAMUEL HAZO

POET

Mr. Reagan vs. the lightweights

“Among the Republicans there are many candidates, some of them serious; and indeed the talents among those candidates are more considerable than they have been for a good many years or decades. Barring political accidents, Mr. Reagan will obtain the nomination this time; yet of course he could be undone by such a political accident as a primary victory by Philip Crane, or some other political lightweight, in New Hampshire or Florida. Crane, a handsome demagogue little known outside certain wealthy ‘libertarian’ circles and outside his own Illinois congressional district, is the sort of vain candidate who has plagued the Republican party for a long time; he may be developing into Harold Stassen II.”

RUSSELL KIRK
MAN OF LETTERS

Carter at home—with big interests

“Carter, despite a few gestures to the contrary, is at home with big corporate interests and with the permanent government to which James Schlesinger belongs. The only serious policy improvements would be too radical for anyone without clear radical principles and a left-of-center political base: in energy, to disentangle national policy from the oil companies, to get serious about solar and steady-state sources; in military budgeting, to mobilize and encourage the coalition of big-city mayors, unions, churches, and community groups; in arms control, to fight the-Russians-are-coming scare talk head on, instead of weakening SALT II to the vanishing point in order to accommodate the Right.”

TODD GITLIN
SOCIOLOGIST, UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Challenge to liberalism

“I don’t think Carter is ‘automatically’ entitled to renomination and reelection. But I’m enough of a Democrat not to want to hand the election to Reagan, Connally, or whomever. Plus the alternative, Ted Kennedy, is too much like a resuscitation of the ‘60s—the first time tragedy, the second time farce; and even the brighter dreams seem jaded upon replay. I suspect Kennedy knows this and much more and will therefore soon begin actively and sincerely to discourage efforts on his behalf. So, barring some very major political pratfall, Carter will be the Democratic candidate and will, I expect, be reelected. The one possibility that is imaginable is that—whether because of impossible difficulties or because of a radical vocational call to some other ‘ministry’—Carter would step aside in favor of Mondale. . . . The key thing, and here is where Carter has been weak, is to set forth a compassionate and imaginative approach that really empowers people through ‘mediating structures’ of neighborhood, church, family, voluntary groups, ethnic associations, etc. The challenge to liberalism is to capitalize upon what is valid in the Proposition 13 mentality and to turn social policy in directions that liberate people,

especially the black, urban lumpenproletariat, from intergenerational patterns of debilitating dependency upon government programs.”

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS
EDITOR, WORLDVIEW

Another challenge to liberalism

“What we need to do is begin now to inspire a liberal-labor-consumer-ethnic, etc. coalition à la, if you will, the Common Cause movement, to challenge the Democratic party to move back toward the traditions of the party, toward the Democratic Agenda of the Memphis Convention, if only to reassert once again that the party cares about people more than profits and arms races. I expect we also need some moral leaders, too, to arouse the quiescent children of the 1960s and the turned-off voters of today. They are very great in number and they are out there awaiting someone or the other to appeal to the old American reform impulse, to being each other’s brother, to helping one another find a way through the thickets of self-interest and hedonism and materialism that are overwhelming us all. Finally, I believe that one of the hidden issues to come is spirituality, however one wishes to define that elusive term. Faith and belief grounded on the prophetic tradition will do for a start and I think that the politicians or non-pols who begin to speak morally and ethically (do I hear someone say, ‘impossible’?) will find the ear of many people.”

MURRAY POLNER
EDITOR, PRESENT TENSE

The ideal candidate

“As it happens I’m now in hot pursuit of an ideal candidate. She must be black; both attributes are essential qualifications, and there can be no yielding on that. . . . She—my candidate—possesses gaiety and charm in great abundance; is of passionate and uncompromising character; commands overflowing imagination and wide culture, along with (needless to say) great sensitivity, a rapid, darting, bold, ‘predatory’ intellect, matchless dialectical skill, and above all a singular combination of generous moral idealism and a biting, intolerant, often highly destructive, ironical humor. She seethes, she teems, with dangerous ideas, and is wryly baffled that anyone should think them that. . . . She reads Plato, the Second Isaiah, Luke, Erasmus, Dante, Confucius, Gogol, Rimbaud, Rilke and Isaac Bashevis Singer in the original. She has no hobbies; though she plays the cello admirably, writes interesting verse, is working on a novel and paints subtle landscapes. . . . She finds intolerable the idea that there is a hungry child somewhere in the world, or that somewhere someone has been insulted, injured, humiliated; and what she finds intolerable, she will not tolerate one day longer. Naturally, she regards the heart of the classical democratic-socialist program—equality, redistribution, worker-management of the workplace, human community, true popular sovereignty, maximum freedom, the ethic of cooperation—as long overdue. . . . She will go down to thunderous defeat, for 1980 is not destined to be our *annus mirabilis*; but in that defeat will lie her triumph. For in returning the term [socialism] to public discourse, redeeming

it from its corruptors of many hues, kinds, nations and cleansing it of the vilifications with which the ideologists and apologists of capitalism have concealed it from public view, she will have made a permanent contribution of the first order of importance to our national life. . . . (In any case, she will confess to close friends, she never wanted to 'win' in the vulgar sense, as the office, at least until it is transfigured, is unfit for occupancy by anyone of civilized taste. Rather, it was her intention to keep something alive: the best reason in the world for fighting lost causes and the only road to eventual victory.)"

SAUL MALOFF
CRITIC, NOVELIST

The energy problem

"Everyone knows that the energy problem is the great problem of the present and foreseeable future. No one wants to face it. Carter has some ideas. He has come up with a program which probably does not reflect his real thinking on the issue. I suspect he has a good idea of what he should tell us, and what he should try and persuade us to do. But he won't. He knows that we don't want to hear the truth, and won't risk his career, or the little authority he still has, trying to make us reason things out. A failure of nerve, you might say. His and ours."

JOHN AHERN
PROFESSOR OF LITERATURE, STANFORD

Tentatively for Teddy

"Right now, very tentatively, I'd go for Kennedy. There are compromises in his national health plan I don't like, and likewise in his work on the criminal code. I would like to know more than I do about the correlation between his campaigning and his senatorial record. I would like to know who talks to him about energy and why he took the stand he did on Taiwan, where he has stood on the defense budget and a lot of other things. I emphatically do not want to see another Kennedy killed. But apart from these matters I would like to see a president with the personal qualities that are necessary to move the country. There is no other candidate (Brown, Reagan, Kemp, Weicker, Connally, Baker, George Whats-His-Name, etc.) who doesn't scare me (Moynihan maybe most of all). Whether from atavism or wisdom, I'd hate to see a Republican win—but I think Kennedy could campaign for the nomination in a way that he wouldn't destroy the Democrats if Carter prevailed. Of course what I'd really like is to make Gene McCarthy Head of State for life, in charge of talking-to-the-people-about-the-nature-of-politics, with Carter or Kennedy or somebody running the government."

ROBERT HOYT
EXECUTIVE EDITOR, CHRISTIANITY & CRISIS

Stop Carterism

"The problem for many of us is that opportunists like Carter maintain themselves as the 'lesser evil,' while carrying out despicable policies and contributing to the steady rightward drift of the political spectrum. We are hostages to the differences between lesser and worse evils, and those differences can be consequential given the power of the U.S. government

and the influence of even a constrained presidency. But it is extremely important to fight Carterism, if only because the gross violation of campaign pledges is intolerable. Little is to be lost by a vigorous fight within the Democratic party."

EDWARD S. HERMAN
ECONOMIST, WHARTON SCHOOL

No alternative in 1980

"I see no alternative to Carter in 1980, certainly not Brown, whose cloak of long-winded metaphysico-existential rhetoric increasingly lets show a propensity towards gross opportunism. If the state cannot solve all the woes of the soul, it can ameliorate some social woes. Alas, any significant challenge to Carter from the Democratic left (or what is left of it) will only lead to a Republican success, hardly to be wished. Perhaps Ted Kennedy, the third of the American Gracchi, is the only person who can rebuild a progressive coalition, but he will certainly have to wait until 1984."

STEVEN PHILIP KRAMER
HISTORIAN, UNIV. OF NEW MEXICO

Long live the king

"Auden said (whimsically?) that his ideal form of government would be 'Absolute monarchy, elected for life by lot.' It's an idea that I'm not uncomfortable with."

MARK TAYLOR
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, MANHATTAN

The joyride's over

"The key issue of the next ten years is a broad one. We have begun to move into an unprecedented crunch. We grew up at the 'hither edge of free land,' in Frederick Turner's phrase. Suddenly all of our frontiers are closed. Our seeming omnipotence is in demise. Terms of trade, natural resources, competitive international advantages in business—all are taking an adverse turn. Simultaneously, the dispossessed among us are insisting on their share. The crunch is unprecedented. The 200-year joyride is at an end. Things like *Bakke* and *Weber* are merely minor early skirmishes in the real issue of our immediate future: *redistribution*. Symbolically put, if you have no free and unclaimed land to hand out, you have to redistribute claimed land. America has neither the history nor, apparently, the heart to rise to this. Thus the crunch."

DANIEL MAGUIRE
THEOLOGIAN, MARQUETTE

A no-vote

"Short of failing to declare war and refusing to push the button I can't think of anything good a president can do. Military technology, the power of instant communication, a noisy age and an economy based on the need to develop ever-expanding markets (meaning the creation of false needs and unnecessary dependence on bought goods) all combine to use an office like the presidency. As long as the world is divided between capitalism, totalitarian socialism and despotism, individuals in power can't make any important differ-

ence. *The only politics I have come down to this: try to live differently, have no political allegiance, teach your children to do likewise. As guides to decent politics the Catholic Worker movement and the instincts of people like Dan Berrigan seem good.*"

JOHN GARVEY
WRITER

The missing candidate

"The only name I can come up with is that of a man who passed his chance—Sarge Shriver. And I don't mean just that VP-shot with McGovern. I still think that Richard Daley changed the course of history by deciding that Otto Kerner had first claim on the gubernatorial nomination back in the hazier pages of political history; Shriver, newly back from the Peace Corps, did not run; Kerner did and was re-elected—and later jailed. I often think of Shriver coming in to the convention after Bobby Kennedy was shot—as Governor of Illinois! In my scenario, he would have won over Humphrey and over Nixon as well. The main thing though, is that he would have made a wonderful President—and could still if he were given the chance. But, as I said, I don't think there's even a remote possibility of that."

GORDON ZAHN
SOCIOLOGIST, UNIV. OF MASSACHUSETTS

The great buried question

"Among the great buried questions of our time is still the central one: Does anyone have the right to manufacture and distribute armaments that could destroy the world? Until major political candidates address that matter seriously, few people, I think, are going to commit their time, energy or even their vote to anyone."

MICHAEL TRUE
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH, ASSUMPTION

Outlining the issues

"The big issues, and some smaller ones: (1) Full employment, the absolutely indispensable solution to most of our problems. (2) Mandatory wage-price controls expanded into a permanent system of wage-price bargaining and economic planning. From Washington down to the plant level, on a truly democratic, participatory basis involving government, employers, workers, consumers, farmers. (3) Development of non-nuclear alternatives to oil. (4) Elimination of tax giveaways in a more equitable tax structure, taxing wealth as well

THE EDITORS thank John Ahern, Wayne Andrews, Katharine Byrne, John C. Cort, Harvey Cox, John Deedy, John Druska, Victor Ferkiss, Maggie Fisher R.S.C., John Garvey, Todd Gitlin, Samuel Hazo, Edward S. Herman, Irving Louis Horowitz, Robert Hoyt, Russell Kirk, Steven Philip Kramer, Robert K. Landers, Daniel Maguire, Saul Maloff, Daniel Morrissey, Eugene McCarthy, Mary McGrory, Richard John Neuhaus, Murray Polner, Kirkpatrick Sale, John P. Sisk, Mark Taylor, Michael True, William Lanouette and Gordon Zahn for their advice and Bill Bole for his editorial assistance.

as income. (5) Federal loans to encourage worker/ community ownership and producer cooperatives, especially at plants closed down by corporations fleeing to more profitable pastures in cheap labor areas.

(6) Federal legislation making it financially painful to move plants to cheap labor areas. (7) Legislation establishing control of the federal government over U.S. multinationals to protect our domestic and international interests. (8) Disarmament and shutdown of U.S. bases in foreign countries, especially the deployment of U.S. troops abroad, and most especially where this is supportive of dictatorships, as in the Philippines. (9) Non-intervention in the affairs of other countries. (10) Vigorous support of a New International Economic Order to prevent the multinationals from exploiting the poor nations and making more enemies for the U.S.

(11) Stronger and more effective United Nations with military capability. (12) A federal handle on capital investment as part of the essential job of preventing capital flight when profits are regulated on the basis of some kind of equity and national interest. Probably calls for federal investment banks. (13) More government ownership of energy, transit, defense, health, low-income housing enterprises, but only where worker/community ownership is not feasible.

To make it possible to elect progressive candidates who are independent of the rich, and free to represent the poor and middle-income voters who elected them, we need: (1) An overhaul of the primary system (a vote in New Hampshire is worth ten to twenty times that of a vote in a later primary, and N.H. is a spit in the ocean of American voters, a highly atypical state). (2) Federal funding of congressional campaigns and state funding of state campaigns. (3) More free time for political candidates and discussion of political issues on radio and TV. This will have to be legislated."

JOHN C. CORT
EDITOR, RELIGIOUS SOCIALISM

Breaking the log jam

"The single most urgent question the 1980 election puts to us is how to project a campaign that will present real choices that seem significant enough to lure that 65 percent of the electorate who do not now turn off the TV long enough to get out and vote. Now that 'populist' Jimmy Carter has embraced neolithic Republican economics and a More-is-Better military budget, we need another candidate, and we need one badly. I remain convinced that the real inert (electorally) majority is not the conservative one Barry Goldwater thought was there in 1964 but one that would respond to a genuine socialist candidacy, such as could be offered by Mike Harrington or Ron Dellums. At the moment we have a government in the U.S.A. which is elected by a fraction of the people, then controlled by a miniscule elite. Something needs to happen to break the log jam and we must not be caught in a no-place-to-go-but-Carter trap. There is someplace to go, toward a fully democratic left (and why not with an Irish 'Catholic' candidate?)."

HARVEY COX
THEOLOGIAN, HARVARD

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Election in Britain

LABOR'S LOVE LOST

BUT DID IT WIN THE CAMPAIGN?

THE MEANING of this year's election in Britain will be debated for some time, largely because Britain has become the centerpiece of conservative propaganda in the United States and elsewhere. In a way, this is a very good thing: no one on the left, thank God, harbors illusions about the Soviet Union anymore, and so the right has been forced to find a democratic whipping boy. For not entirely good reasons (George Will, for example, has perceptively argued that the problem is with British *capitalism*, not British socialism), the left everywhere ends up defending Britain, and in particular, the British Labor Party. So exactly what happened on May 3 is of more than local interest.

If any single thing defeated the Labor Party, it was the strikes that engulfed Britain this winter. Until then, Labor—and Mr. Callaghan in particular—had impressed the country with their government's ability to deal with unions and to bring down the inflation rate to single figures. So able was Labor in getting the working classes of Great Britain to accept cuts in their living standards that it began to draw praise from the right.

That ended with this year's strikes. The swing to the Tories in the opinion polls taken in this period was prodigious, since the strikes suggested that maybe Labor wasn't so good at dealing with unions after all.

But from the end of the strikes on, Labor kept gaining in the polls. As the *Guardian*'s Peter Jenkins pointed out, Labor may have lost the election, but it won the campaign. Which means largely that James Callaghan won the campaign. And Margaret Thatcher lost. The fact remains—and it is a sobering fact for Mrs. Thatcher—that a moderate left consensus prevails in Britain. This is the lesson in the 51 percent of the vote won by the Liberals and Labor, as against the Conservatives' 44 percent. And many were the Tories who would have preferred to see former Prime Minister Edward Heath or someone of his moderate views leading the party in Mrs. Thatcher's place. Perhaps the greatest milestone for feminism to be found in Mrs. Thatcher's election was the fact that her right-wing views, not her gender, were widely regarded as her greatest liability in the campaign.

Still, Labor lost, and it is important to assess why—and where—it lost.

"A democratic socialist movement that attempts to transform a capitalist into a socialist order," wrote Peter Gay of the pre-World War II German Social Democrats, "is necessarily faced with a choice between two incompatibles—principles and power." Many quite uncynical people in Britain would

suggest that Labor in fact reconciled the incompatibles by losing both. During its tenure, the party's main achievement often did appear to be its capacity to fight inflation by imposing sacrifices on working-class people. And this from a party that had committed itself to "a fundamental and irreversible shift in the balance of wealth and power in favor of working people and their families." Labor—that left-wing party allegedly dominated by Trotskyists—had actually cut back on social spending in some areas and had reduced taxes. The socialist magazine *New Statesman* was reduced to pointing out to the party that its greatest losses to the Tories in the polls were among working-class people.

Yet Mr. Callaghan, known to some as "Tammany Jim," relished it all. He realized that Britain was interested in some kind of social harmony that would allow people to get on with life free of strikes—and also free of radical changes in the way of life to which people were accustomed. "Of course we have to become competitive," a Tory friend once said to me, "but to do that, we'll have to change so much that the country won't be the one I care about." Mr. Callaghan realized how much people did not want to change. Mrs. Thatcher was the candidate of the changes my Tory friend may find so unpalatable—though I'm sure my friend voted for the Conservatives.

But Labor stood for more than just things as they are. It stood for a continuation of the welfare state. And it stood for an industrial policy whose strengths and weaknesses the American left will have to study in detail. More than any other liberal or social democratic party, Labor tried to deal with the problem confronted by church groups and left organizers in Youngstown, Ohio: what should be done about industries that are in economic trouble and whose demise might throw thousands out of work? Labor's answer was massive subsidies for "uneconomic" industries. Some of the subsidies were justified on the theory that the industries might eventually prosper if enough money was invested in them. Others were supported simply because not to do so would put a lot of people out of jobs. On top of these expenditures were a series of subsidies to employers and local governments to encourage them to hire the unemployed, especially the young. According to research by Michael Hill, an analyst at the University of Bristol sympathetic to Labor, many of the specific job subsidies did more to assist employers who would have created the new jobs anyway than to deliver new jobs to the poor. But the industry subsidies raise more complicated questions: how much can and should be poured into businesses that are in trouble to save jobs? One criticism of Labor's policy is that it encouraged inefficiency and discouraged the kind of geographic mobility that a vital economy needs. Clearly job subsidies are more compassionate over the short term than allowing mass unemployment to hit particular communities. But to what extent can such subsidies be given? And for how long? For all its weaknesses, British social democracy began dealing with such questions under James Callaghan.

And despite Labor's defeat, the significance of the subsidies was not lost on the voters. One of the themes hammered home by Labor was that Scotland and the north of England would

become "economic deserts" if the job and industry subsidies were ended as proposed by the Conservatives. As one moved north, Labor's strength increased. In Scotland, Labor actually registered a net gain over the Tories. Other factors were at work in this, no doubt, including the Callaghan government's commitment to decentralization of power to a Scottish parliament, and the fact that the damaging winter strikes were most severely felt in the south of England. But unquestionably, Labor's commitment to "the regions"—i.e., Britain's poorer areas—had a substantial electoral impact.

Another lesson of which Americans left and right will take heed is the Conservatives' success in making tax cuts the issue. Indeed, the Conservatives were not only committed to cutting income taxes in ways that would especially benefit the well-to-do; they were also committed to increasing spending taxes that most affect the less well-off. They proposed this by way of encouraging saving over consumption. Labor appeared to gain some ground as the campaign progressed by arguing that Conservative tax policies might produce the "high life for the better off" at the expense of "the rest" (a Party favorite). But the Tories still did well pushing for tax cuts, suggesting the difficulty American leftists might have in proposing tax reform in place of across-the-board tax reductions.

Mrs. Thatcher takes office looking toward fundamental reform of the British economy. Her notions of reform are

rooted in Friedmanite ideas about how to encourage investment and a serious commitment to reducing the power of trade unions. The latter could prove both a major challenge to her and a major threat to the orderly functioning of British democracy. On the one hand, the public opinion polls show substantial support for a reduction of trade union power. On the other hand, the unions—which represent a much larger share of the British workforce than do their American comrades—have a variety of democratically guaranteed rights which they will use to resist stringent Tory policies. If the shoving gets hard, the threat to free institutions might be enormous—particularly if Mrs. Thatcher decides to go as far as a simple reading of the polls would suggest she could.

As to the Friedmanite economic policies, Mrs. Thatcher may well turn Britain into the laboratory for the right's latest ideas that will make it a convenient target for the left in America and elsewhere. A couple of years ago, conservatives produced an attack on British social democracy entitled *The Future That Doesn't Work*. Depending on Mrs. Thatcher's luck, the left may soon be able to produce a work of its own, entitled, perhaps, *The Past That Doesn't Work, Either*.

E. J. DIONNE, JR.

(E. J. Dionne, Jr., who visited Britain during the election campaign, is working on a study of the race issue in British and American politics.)

Of several minds: *Thomas Powers*

LIFE IN THE PARKS

JEWELS IN THE CROWN OF THE CITY

EARLY ONE MORNING, years ago, I met a brisk little man with a long wooden pole in Stuyvesant Park. He wore a round leather cap. At the end of his pole was a coffee can, swinging on a nail. He put something into the can and then poked it up among the branches of a tree, rattling it about. I approached to ask what he was doing. "Feeding the squirrels," he said, hurrying on to the next tree. Over his shoulder he carried a sack filled with almonds, filberts and walnuts. Up in the tree, nailed to a branch, was another tin can. Using his pole he filled the can in the tree with nuts. He quickly circled the park, filling cans as he went.

"There's nothing for the squirrels to eat," he said. "If we didn't feed them they'd starve. When I'm finished here I

go on to Madison Square. I've been doing this for thirty years."

He explained that it was a job and he was paid by a park association founded back around the First World War, before the huge Beth Israel Hospital complex began to rise up around the park, blocking out the sun. Stuyvesant Park was a posh residential district then, surrounded by elegant townhouses. Only a few remained; the last of the old ladies in the association were dying off. Before long his job would come to an end.

"I used to leave the nuts on the ground," he said, "but then the bums began to move in and would eat them all up. I tried hiding them in the bushes but the bums rummaged around until they found them. For awhile I even buried

them but the bums would scratch them up again. This system works pretty well. Sometimes a bum manages to climb up into a tree for the nuts, but it's more than most of them can handle." He finished filling the last can, unscrewed his long pole in the middle, and strode briskly off in the direction of Madison Square.

There was always a lot to see in Stuyvesant Park. In the daytime it was a park like any other, filled with kids and ice cream vendors in good weather, and dog-walkers whatever the weather. At night, in all but the rawest months, it was a gay cruising ground. Prostitutes from 14th Street and Third Avenue sometimes brought their clients to the park. Overlooking one end was a tall building housing a drug detoxification program run by Beth Israel. Friends of the patients, most of them black, would stand along the park's iron railing and shout up to the faces pressed against the wire mesh covering the windows. Sometimes the friends would hang about all evening, drinking beer or wine from bottles in brown paper bags. Once, early in the morning, I met a dog-walking regular

named Jack, looking troubled. He said there had been a murder, and pointed across the street. A couple of policemen were standing next to the body of a black man lying on the sidewalk. Police cruised the park regularly, not bothering to get out of their cars, but just driving through slowly. One hot afternoon I saw some police with a black teenager backed up against the railing. His chest was heaving. His shirt was torn open and sweat glistened on his skin. The chronology of these impressions has escaped me. All I can remember is the event and the weather. One spring morning, for example, I saw a black man in a heavy overcoat standing in an open place, gazing up at the sky with a rapt expression. He was there at noon, again that night, and still there in the same place and attitude the following morning. By that time he had soiled his pants; the odor was unmistakable and a dark stain ran down one leg. I asked if he needed any help. "No, no, I'm not of this world," he said. "You all want to feed me but I don't need to eat or drink. A woman brought me soup. I appreciate her thought, I thanked her, I thank you, but I'm above all that now. I'm leaving this world behind. God wants me to rise up. I had two houses in the Bronx, I had a wife, I had money, but I was too much of this world. I was held down. I'm on a higher level now, I'm rising up. You're way down below me. Soon I will rise up and be gone." He was shaky on his feet, but managed to keep himself upright another two days. On the fourth morning he was gone. I moved away in 1972; I don't know what the park is like now.

Gramercy Park is one of the prettiest in the city. The grass is thick, the trees well-pruned. Some of them are identified by wooden plaques. Ohio Buckeye, for example. A tall iron fence surrounds the park and the gates are locked. Keys are held by residents of the buildings facing the park, but I've never seen it crowded. Nannies bring children there. Immaculate in white they sit on the benches while the children play. The girls jump rope, singing songs, while the boys play catch, or push toy trucks along the graveled walks. The children, of course, are all

white. The nannies are about evenly divided between black and white. But I'm just guessing, I don't really know what the proportions are; I've never counted. Occasionally an old gentleman will be sitting there too, reading his newspaper in the sun. Once I saw a black teenager in a windbreaker walk all the way around the park, banging a stick against the iron railings. There used to be a single-room-occupancy hotel across the street from one corner of the park, an oddity in the neighborhood. Blacks and Puerto Ricans sometimes sat on the stoop, drinking beer or wine from bottles in brown paper bags. I used to wonder if they had keys too. The hotel is being renovated now. The rents will probably quadruple.

Washington Square Park has got three playgrounds. The one for the youngest children has a chainlink fence around it and a gate with a latch so kids won't wander off and disappear while parents and nannies are reading or talking to each other. In the center of the playground is a large sandbox where small children dig holes with plastic shovels. Kids that age—toddlers between one and a half and three—don't really play with each other, but they like to sit next to each other. Sometimes there are tears when they throw sand, or walk off with another kid's shovel. I once heard a woman complaining about the dog-walkers who allowed their dogs to defecate in the sandbox. Children often dug up the droppings. The woman could not conceive how any dog-owner could be so discourteous and unthinking.

The culprits, actually, were not dog-walkers at all, but bums, derelicts, bagladies, people of that sort. There is no accurate word for them yet. State mental hospitals have been following a new policy in recent years; patients who are both harmless and incurable are simply turned loose. A friend who is a social worker recently described an attempt to have one of her clients admitted to Bellevue. The woman shouted, wept, ripped off her clothes and urinated on the hospital floor. The doctor refused to admit her; a guard dragged her back out onto the street. My friend described this in a shaking voice and said she would write a letter of com-

plaint. You see such people all over the city, oddly dressed, in earnest conversation with themselves, huddled in corners, shouting four-letter words at the top of their lungs, poking through trash baskets. One strange dementia leads people to festoon themselves with bright bits of cloth, plastic flowers, spoons hanging from a piece of string, crumpled paper, feathers. They're as fussily decorated as Christmas trees. They all seem to be men and they all seem to be black. Come to think of it, they look a little like African witch doctors. Sometimes the nuts are panhandlers too, sometimes not. A friend told me once that whenever the temperature drops below zero in the city the Sanitation Department sends a special truck down to the Bowery to pick up bodies. I've often wondered if that is really true. Usually the nuts relieve themselves in the narrow space between parked cars, or in phone booths, or doorways, but some of them use the big sandbox in Washington Square Park. I think it's because they want to bury their droppings. But I didn't tell the complaining woman any of this; it would have taken too long to explain.

The park was renovated a few years ago. New sod was laid down in all the grassy areas. Most of it has been scuffed away by now and the ground has been trodden down into a kind of hardpan. Nothing can grow there. You couldn't drive a knife into the dirt. This is precisely what is meant by the word desertification. It's happening in the Sahel and it's happening in Washington Square Park.

When the weather is good the park is filled with young men hanging about, most of them black. I doubt they show up in the unemployment statistics because the government only counts people looking for work. Sometimes they are nodding, more often drinking beer or wine out of bottles in brown paper bags. They run their words together. "Hey man don gimme nuna that. Hey man whuz doin'." It sounds as if their tongues had been turned numb and thick by a massive dose of novocaine. They show up day after day. I sometimes wonder where they live. Washington Square is in the heart of the Village, which is not exactly a black

neighborhood. Perhaps they commute. An old German doctor in Africa once explained to me why the whites of the eyes of local blacks were often yellow: protein deficiency. The blacks in Washington Square often have yellow eyes too. It gives them a kind of bleary, unfocused look. But some of the blacks have eyes like hawks, are smartly dressed, ride ten-speed French racing bikes, carry expensive tape decks, play excellent chess at the chess tables in the southwest corner of the park, do dazzling maneuvers on hundred-dollar skateboards, read Kant. I can't understand why these accomplished young men want to hang around Washington Square Park all day. Even playing with my kids I begin to get restless after an hour.

A week or so ago I bought them Good Humors and they sat down on a bench to eat in the serious manner of children. Across the way were two white men and a white woman drinking beer out of bottles in brown paper bags. But I don't think it was beer which explained their strange, fluid, weaving gait. They were constantly moving, almost as if they were dancing, but their knees were bent and their motions and gestures were all drawn out, as if in slow motion. The two men had taken their shirts off and the woman was wearing a brief halter, bare in the middle. Their skin was as white as the belly of a toad. None of them had any teeth—I'd guess they were in their late thirties, but it was hard to tell—and they were grinning, lips wet, eyes half closed, falling into each other's arms and then pulling back again, making croaking sounds. It wasn't talking and it wasn't laughing. It was croaking. "What's the matter with those people?" asked my seven-year-old daughter, Susan. "Are they drunk?" I tried to explain but she looked as if I wasn't making any sense.

There's nothing unusual about drunks or addicts in the park. Even on the coldest nights of winter there are usually a couple of people standing around, stamping their feet, collars up, drinking beer or wine out of bottles in brown paper bags. When the weather is good they're pandemic. They vomit in the bushes, stagger along the paths, stretch out on the benches snoring loudly. They smash

their bottles on the pavement, crunch up their beer cans, beg for quarters, get into fights, urinate against the sides of trees. The nannies and the college girls from NYU turn away. On summer nights the crush is not to be believed. A friend told me what it was like and after dinner we went for a look. I go away in the summer; I'd never seen it before. The park was standing room only and every drug known to man was for sale. One walk around the fountain, which took quite a while, weaving our way through the mob, brought a dozen offers of cocaine, methadone, heroin, marijuana, LSD, barbiturates, amphetamine, angel dust, Quaaludes. The beer and the wine were just for wetting the whistle. Cops wandered through but made no arrests. "Loose joints," the black kids said, flashing something in the palm of a hand. "Mexican brown." I thought of Aldous Huxley's book, *The Doors of Perception*, about the interesting similarities between mystical and drug-induced experiences. I remember wondering if there were any place in America more perfectly integrated than Washington Square Park on a midsummer's night.

There's a new park behind the Jefferson Market Public Library. It stands on

the site of the old Women's House of Detention. It used to be called the House of D. I don't know where the women's jail is now. The park is very well maintained by a voluntary committee. At the moment it is filled with blooming daffodils and tulips and a lot of other flowers of which I can never remember the names. The grass is so lush, deep and vibrant it seems almost incandescent. The city owns the park and plans to build something on it eventually. So far the planners haven't been able to decide what and they probably haven't got any money anyway. In the meantime it's a park, or at least a green place. Various suggestions have been made for its use as a real park. One was to make it accessible from the library; another was to reserve it for mothers or nannies with small children. The problem with both plans was the need for a fulltime guard to keep the bums out. Local residents are unhappy enough as it is with Eighth Street; the last thing they want is another place for the bums and the drunks to hang out. There's been quite a lot of argument about it. So the Jefferson Market park is surrounded by a twelve-foot-high cyclone fence and the gate is kept padlocked.

THOMAS POWERS

Of several minds: *John Garvey*

STICKING TO THE STORY

... AND THAT'S THE WAY IT ISN'T

ON THE DAY the news reported rumors that Jerry Brown and Linda Ronstadt were heading for a nudist colony in Africa (apparently they never got there) I met a man who had left his job as mechanic in a small town and moved, with his family, to be near the hospital where his twelve-year-old son was being treated for a brain tumor. He had no money and his car was stalled. We were going to get it started again with jump cables, and if that didn't work we would have to get it towed. He was patient nearly beyond belief. He knew what he

couldn't do; he knew that now his work was a terrible waiting. "We nearly lost him once seven years ago, from the bleeding," he said. "They thought they had all the tumor then, but they didn't. They're afraid to operate now. They have to treat it with radiation." He was living at a limit, having to trust a set of people who all became "they" in conversation. At the center of his life was this heartbreaking, perhaps hopeless thing. At the edge of the family "they" were waiting, maybe with help.

I certainly don't begrudge the people

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described in all the stories as "California governor Jerry Brown and rock star Linda Ronstadt" whatever fun they are having—I have often wanted to go to Africa myself. Nor is the tragic situation of the man I met to be laid in any way at the feet of California governor Jerry Brown and rock star Linda Ronstadt, not even by the most subtle conspiracy theorist in the world. In a sense they could even be seen as victims of the attention they attract, though they have hardly been known to flee from attention, like startled deer; still, it can't be easy to know that you are thought of as Zen Ken and Malibu Barb.

But the juxtaposition of the two things on the same day, the meeting and the stories from Africa, made me wonder: why do we pay attention to them at all? Why do we consider some people and events more important than others? Some answers are obvious: there is an outside chance—at this point about as outside as Pluto's orbit—that Jerry Brown could be a contender for the brass ring in 1980. And of course the fall and rise of governments and the lives of people who lead them affect us all. But the ordinary reasonable explanations don't quite cover all the reasons we care about what is called "the news" and the people we think of as "newsmakers."

We think of some people and events as more real than we are—from them we will find out something which our own lives won't tell us. We think of Jimmy Carter that way, as well as Jackie Onassis, William Faulkner, Pope John XXIII, and the late and spectacularly unlamented Nelson Rockefeller, and all sorts of living and half-living and dead famous folk. At the supermarkets, weekly tabloids with lots of ink on the cover feature stories about the heartbreaks faced by stars of situation comedies. They tell us a commonplace and reassuring thing: it isn't all glory in this land of fame and big money—we get cancer too, we too are misunderstood, our husbands and wives and lovers also leave us. This is reassuring, because it takes into account the ragged and confusing aspects of ordinary life. We learn that there is some of what we suffer in the lives of people we are used to seeing in

situations which have neat beginnings, middles and ends.

The one sort of television program which has a unique claim to representing the real world, the news, is as structured and formal and limited as the situation comedy. There is all the overt drama of film footage showing fires, people running around with guns, and official pomp; but there are also the less clearly stated terms of any narrative: no story can afford to take too long in the telling; every crisis must have a resolution; if it does not, this is the result of some failure at another point in the story line. The news has stars and serial stories every bit as much as "entertainment programming" does. Ted Kennedy and *Supertrain* are competing for our attention. I am sure I am not the first person to point out how strange it is that what a reporter wants to find is a good story.

This is understandable, but it can be insidious. An example: do you remember the year *ecology* was a new word, and there were stories about the dangers we faced from phosphates in the water, detergent build-up in streams, the effect of the dyes used in paper, etc.? From the lack of recent news-attention to such things you would think that all of that had been quietly cleaned up. What really happened was that the story grew dull. You couldn't keep telling it without boring people, and so, despite the fact that the danger and the waste have continued, the stories died. Boring people is considered, if not a capital, at least a capitalist crime. This story didn't have a neat ending, it looked as if it would go on and on, and so it was dropped. Other stories, which suffer from confusing beginnings or muddled middles, don't get told because they can't make it into a form which now largely determines the way we think of things, a structured way of seeing the world which not only determines the format of news programs but even determines what will be considered news in the first place.

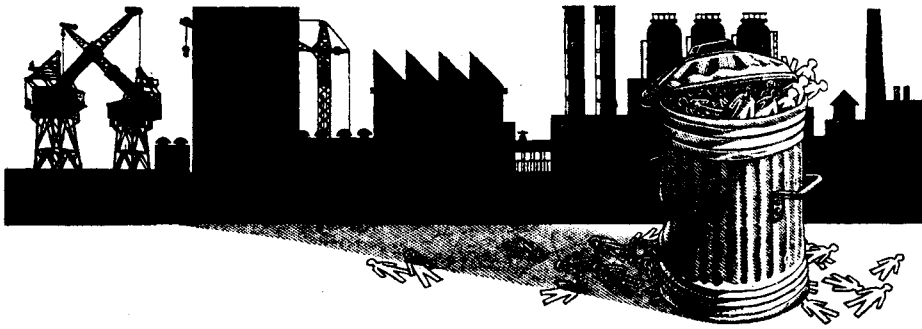
The news keeps the world from us as it tells us about the world; it forms a world for us by selection and elimination. Even as the tabloids try to bring the gods down to us, they do so in a way which looks curiously neat, with a place for every-

thing, everything in its place, and everything explainable. ("I'll never do it again," country-rock star Billy Mustang said after he was convicted of beating up his former wife, model Glenna Bandana. "It was all those hard nights on the road, the booze, the women. It got in the way of my family life . . .") This is a purpose of myth: it offers an objective way to see ourselves in other flesh, other situations, maybe making life clearer. At the same time it can act as a shield. Last year television broadcast the testimony of a hit-man who was appearing before a committee investigating organized crime—the situation is already a pretty formal one—and the hit man knew he was on television. This is how he talked: "He had a white Ban-lon shirt on and I saw the blood around his heart. The arrow from the spear gun deflected off his rib. He came at me full force. At this time I shot him with a .38 . . ." *At this time*—so close to the language of police reports and the Watergate people, who continually spoke of "this point in time." We have Ban-lon, we have language right out of the pulps ("He came at me full force"), and we have the camera watching everything: in short, we have a little story.

There is no alternative to having the news; we do need to know about many of the stories it tells. But it is important to keep in mind the extremely limited and formal view of the world it gives us. It is not at all true to say that what we see there is the real world. In *The Waning of the Middle Ages* J. Huizinga writes, "Although in reality the mechanism of government had already assumed rather complicated forms, the popular mind pictures it in simple and fixed figures. The current political ideas are those of the Old Testament, of the romaunt and the ballad. The kings of the time are reduced to a certain number of types, every one of which corresponds, more or less, to a literary motif. There is the wise and just prince, the prince deceived by evil counselors, the prince who avenges the honor of his family, the unfortunate prince to whom his servants remain faithful. In the mind of the people political questions are reduced to stories of adventure."

JOHN GARVEY

DEFENDING A CULTURE WHEN THE SYSTEM WON'T DELIVER



Going bust in Youngstown

ROBERT HOWARD

THE DRAMATIC closing in September, 1977 of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Campbell Works steel mill has made Youngstown, Ohio, a synonym for economic crisis. The equally dramatic efforts of area clergy to save the 4200 jobs lost there has been proclaimed as a model for citizen action to confront those economic problems shared by cities throughout the northeast. Youngstown's Ecumenical Coalition of the Mahoning Valley has mobilized church groups throughout Ohio and the nation behind the goals of corporate accountability and economic self-reliance. It has created what amounts to a political machine to demand state and federal aid in the massive task of resurrecting the closed Campbell Works.

In spite of these efforts, the Commerce Department's Economic Development Administration has recently rejected the Coalition's request for federal loan guarantees to purchase and run the Campbell Works as a community- and worker-owned co-operative. But it would be a mistake to assume we have heard the last of Youngstown. For all the publicity which has surrounded the Ecumenical Coalition and its project, what may prove to be the most lasting feature of Youngstown's drama has been missed. The complicated response of Mahoning Valley steelworkers themselves—both to the mill closing and to the Coalition's attempt to reopen it—is the real story in Youngstown today. This response can only be reinforced by the government's decision. It is the last chapter in a saga which has been fifty years in the making.

For the crisis these men are living is not exclusively economic but cultural; it is the cultural crisis of Youngstown's working class. These men are witnessing the break-up of a particular form of social life shaped by the growth of the American steel industry, the labor struggles of the '30s, and the three-way partnership among big government, big business and big labor which was forged during the Second World War and has lasted ever since. They are caught between their

desire to save that culture and their growing realization of the necessity of change.

I

WHAT ONE first hears in the voices of Mahoning Valley steelworkers is their anger. Anger at the Lykes Corporation, the New Orleans conglomerate which owned Sheet & Tube and, without warning, ordered the closing of the Campbell mill; anger at the government and politicians in general who have done next to nothing to stop it. A local union official sums it up: "We've heard all the words from politicians and businessmen and lawyers, and no one has any ideas."

"Maybe I seem like a Communist or something," says Joe Lukas, still not quite comfortable with his role as critic, "but our government is just selling us down the drain. I don't think the people have enough control." Joe is a political conservative and strictly speaking not even a 'worker' at all. He used to be a foreman at the Campbell Works.

Joe is unemployed now but thinks he has found another job. This does not soothe his anger, however, nor erase his sense of loss. He cannot think merely in terms of his own personal economic future but is constantly drawn back to the misfortune of the Valley as a whole. For Joe Lukas, an entire region has been laid off. Since 1950, over 100,000 jobs have been lost in the Mahoning Valley due to industrial closings. Joe lists product after product which used to be made here; now the factories are down south or abroad. He describes the steel mills that have been closed. And when he speaks of the Campbell Works itself, the depth of his loss is apparent. "Since I been two or three years old, I seen that mill. You always knew when they were pouring steel even though you couldn't see it. Then all of a sudden you see the place dead. I worked there for years; still go by just about every day. 'Course you're not allowed in there now, you're out."

For Joe, the mill is more than just a work-place, it is the focus of a way of life. Now he feels like an outsider, dispossessed. Behind his anger, there is incomprehension, a lingering sense of promises not kept. "Living here all my life, I see these

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things, just like sand castles washed away. I can't understand why; if you talked to other people, they would say the same thing."

George Limberty is 48 years old; he has worked in and around the steel industry all his life. His two previous jobs—one in a furniture factory which used steel tubing, one in another mill—were moved out from under him. He had been working at Youngstown Sheet & Tube for eleven years when the closing announcement came.

George and his wife had just returned from a trip to Florida when I spoke with him. "We figured 'what the heck,' let's take the last TRA check and just go. For our peace of mind." TRA (for Trade Readjustment Allowance) benefits are special federal stipends to workers who have lost their jobs as a result of international trade policy. The increase in foreign steel imports during the past few years makes Youngstown workers eligible for these benefits. Between state unemployment, industry "supplementary unemployment benefits" (SUB), and federal TRA benefits, unemployed workers from the Campbell Works collect between six and eight hundred dollars a month. This sum has kept the majority from feeling the economic pressures of unemployment in the 18 months since the lay-offs. Many of these benefits, however, have begun to run out.

Even with these social welfare services, unemployment has been difficult for George. It has not meant economic hardship but psychological strain. "It's very frustrating to be kicked out like that when you feel you've done a good job, to lose a job like that and have no way to fight back." Occasionally he has dreams about the Campbell Works—the mill still running, him still working. "You try to forget about it but it comes back in your dreams. That shows that you haven't really got it out of your mind." Even the generous benefits that keep him and his family going have become a source of frustration. They pacify and defuse his anger. "It's like burial money. You lay around for a year and then you're disorganized."

How do Mahoning Valley steelworkers cope? Of the original 4200 men laid off, about 1500 decided to take an 'early retirement' under various pension plans that the United Steelworkers union has arranged with the steel industry in the event of mill closings. The '80' plan provides for early retirement for those whose sum of years of service plus age equals or surpasses eighty. A '70' plan also exists but it is limited to those men at least fifty-five years of age. The more accurate term is 'enforced' retirement. "It's not like they wanted to retire," says George Limberty. "They figured that it's that or be a laborer."

Other workers who did not qualify for early retirement but still have high seniority have been relocated at other Youngstown Sheet & Tube facilities. But these men, often highly skilled, must enter a new mill at the lowest wage and skill levels. Such jobs are in no way equivalent to their previous positions at the Campbell Works. And when such men are relocated, they take over the jobs of younger workers with less seniority.

Neither of these options is open to George Limberty. He is

among the 1500 ex-Campbell workers still without a job in the Youngstown area. Because he has only eleven years seniority, he is in the position of a young worker looking for a new job with another company—with the added disadvantage that few companies will hire a 48-year-old veteran of one heart attack. George has applied for CETA funds to learn a new skill; he has been told there is a long waiting list, nothing has come through yet. He has also tried to look for work at other mills but generally, he says, one has to have pull, some kind of connection. Out of work for more than a year now, George is getting worried. TRA benefits have run out; the SUB fund is near depletion. "Everything is just startin' to fall out now."

George Limberty was a pit-coordinator at the Campbell Works. He liked the variety of his job. "I was always doing different things. I never got bored." Source of financial security and interesting work, it was the foundation on which he constructed his life. Without it, he feels disoriented and lost. The closing of the Campbell Works has undermined his sense of purpose and identity. His response has been to become a firm supporter of the Ecumenical Coalition's community ownership project. He has done volunteer work, set aside his \$2,000 savings in a special "Save Our Valley" bank account, written letters to congressmen, senators, even the President. His justification for his support is simple: the Coalition is the only group trying to do something to safeguard the jobs of the Mahoning Valley steel industry.

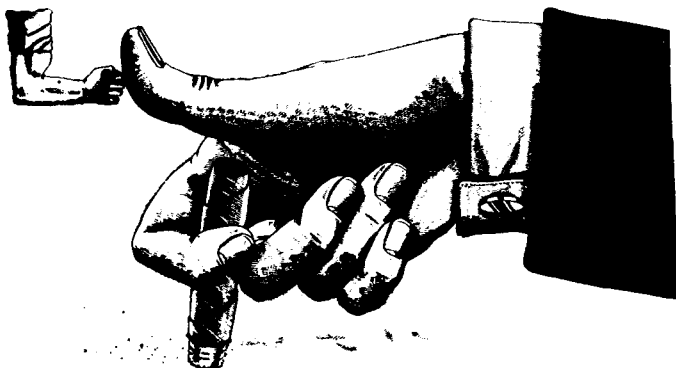
According to Ed Mann, president of United Steelworkers Local 1462, men like Joe Lukas and George Limberty are typical of Coalition supporters among area steelworkers. They are in what another local president, Bill Sferra, terms "the gray area"—too young to take early retirement, too old to easily find another job. Both the old and the very young are skeptical of efforts to resurrect the mill. "Why bother?" they say. Safeguarding the Campbell Works jobs doesn't mean that much to them. But to the men in the gray area—in the middle years of their work experience with mortgages and car payments, perhaps even children in college—the threat to their livelihood cuts far deeper. It goes beyond the narrow parameters of job and workplace to challenge a certain understanding of the world, certain expectations that have been built over the years. In the process, these men—the 'establishment' of Youngstown's working class—are coming to realize the degree to which traditional political and economic institutions must change in order to meet the challenge at hand.

II

THIS IS most true for the steelworkers' union itself. Throughout most of the struggle to reopen the Campbell Works, the union bureaucracy has been skeptical about efforts to save its members' jobs. The stories one hears in Youngstown describe a leadership unwilling to recognize the seriousness of the closing threat. United Steelworkers president Lloyd McBride is reported to have claimed at one meeting that mill closings fell outside the boundaries of collective bargaining. George Limberty reflects a common sentiment in

the Mahoning Valley: "The guys that are runnin' the union now are from the old school. They're working' hand in hand with management against us."

This judgment is unfair; there certainly has not been any labor-management conspiracy against the Coalition's project. But the Youngstown situation does present a range of problems which historically have been beyond the pale of union activity in America. When mills and factories close, workers and communities begin to ask questions about investment decisions. Who makes them? How might the community control them? Community ownership is one proposed solution. Both the problems and the solutions cut against the grain of American labor relations. They confuse the clear-cut realms of management and labor; they do not fit easily into the highly structured practices of collective bargaining. Like most union



hierarchies, the USW leadership is unaccustomed to dealing with these matters; many officials have been suspicious of the community ownership plan.

Russell Baxter is at the apex of the USW hierarchy in Youngstown. Senior president of the area locals, member of the AFL-CIO council, Russ claims close relations with international officials in Pittsburgh. His local, 2163, was the hardest hit by the Campbell lay-offs. Two-thirds of Russ's 3000 members were put out of work.

Since the Campbell closing, Russ has moved at crosscurrents to the rest of the local union leadership. He is considered something of an opponent to the Coalition, although he claims he supports its attempt to "get what it can for Youngstown." Russ's opposition is really an obsessive caution and cynicism. He is cynical about his fellow presidents ("those sons o' bitches were just happy their local didn't get hit"), about young workers (who don't know what hard times are), about the Ecumenical Coalition (which is "offerin' false hopes"). But Russ doesn't seem to have much to offer in return. He avoids the issues of lay-offs, plant closings, the problems of the Mahoning Valley steel industry. Instead he returns again and again to the hard times of the Depression, to how much he is doing for his men through his contacts with the international. In fact, Russ has done, can do, very little. By the end of our conversation, he virtually admits it himself. "These are deep subjects," he says with an uneasy mix of humor and self-deprecation, "and I'm just a dummy."

More accurately, Russ is unequipped to deal with the closing of the Campbell Works. His kind of unionism was never

meant to handle the shut-down of a mill, the agony of an entire industry. He can only continue in his ways, using the time-tested old methods. He talks of collective bargaining and benefits, all the while complaining about the new generation and their lack of appreciation and commitment. "They never even come around the union hall anymore!"

Ed Mann is president of the "Brier Hill" local, 1462, one of the most militant in the USW. He was a founder of RAFT—the "Rank and File Team"—a movement for internal democracy within the union in the 1960s. Ed was also a strong supporter of dissident candidate Ed Sadlowski in his challenge to McBride for the presidency in 1977. Sadlowski carried the Youngstown district by a vote of five to one.

Ed lost 200 of his 1500 members when the Campbell Works was closed; he expects to lose the rest when Jones & Laughlin Steel Company, the new owner of Youngstown Sheet & Tube, shuts down the Brier Hill facility later this year. Unlike Russ Baxter, he belongs to a small group of local union officials who have pushed the idea of community ownership from the beginning. According to local 1462's recording secretary, Gerald Dickey, "in the early stages, people were open to the idea, but then the political dimension comes in and people got scared." Not wanting to cross the international, local workers informed Pittsburgh of their discussions. The union sent a lawyer to advise them and "that killed it."

When I talked to Ed, he felt caught between the anger and disillusion of his men and the inertia of the international. "We've got guys in the mill who were run out of West Virginia and Pennsylvania when the coal mines went bust. And now it's happening here." What does Ed want to do? He cannot say in any detail. "We don't have a plan. The problem is we only do something when something happens to us. We only react." He is determined to start considering alternatives to the Brier Hill closing now, not to get caught by surprise and put on the defensive as the Campbell workers were. The officers of 1462 have asked the Coalition for help; they have also written Jones & Laughlin demanding a meeting to discuss the mechanisms of the shut-down. "We want ideas," says Ed Mann. "I've never been frightened of an idea in my life. But a lot of people are. And a lot of them are in the higher echelons of our union."

In late March, the United Steelworkers finally came out in full support of the Coalition's community ownership project. In a letter to President Carter, Lloyd McBride urged the federal government to approve Youngstown's Urban Development Action Grant, providing the seed money to purchase the mill. Even more important, the union, in consultation with workers laid off by the Campbell closing, devised a plan to cut labor costs by 21 percent in the reopened mill. Workers for the new company, christened "Community Steel," would forego seniority rights and receive other benefits in the form of stock ownership rather than wages.

What explains the union turnaround and why was it so long in coming? Ed Mann credits rank and file pressure from Youngstown locals. Coalition leaders consider their success at putting together a qualified management team to be the turning point. According to union leaders themselves, considerations

of feasibility were ultimately decisive. Jim Smith, McBride's liaison to the Coalition, says that only recently was the community ownership proposal detailed enough to be "realistic."

All these reasons, and others, have nudged the USW into important new territory. The union has not exactly taken a leadership role in Youngstown, but the problems it has been forced to face there have inaugurated a necessary learning process. Youngstown has contributed to a new awareness on the part of the union of the multiple and deeply rooted problems of economic dislocation. The precedent-setting agreement on labor costs is one example of this; a conference at Pittsburgh headquarters last month on the relative costs and benefits of constructing new mills versus modernizing old ones is another. Whether or not highly visible union support from the very beginning would have made the difference in efforts to reopen the Campbell Works is of course impossible to tell. At the very least, new kinds of questions are being asked, the consequences of which will be seen in the years to come.

There are some young steelworkers in the Mahoning Valley who have chosen neither migration in search of new jobs nor cynicism about maintaining the old ones. They are often lower level union officials—grievance committee members, safety representatives, or recording secretaries like Gerald Dickey. A few days after the announcement of the eventual closing of Brier Hill, Gerald told me: "If you wanted to have a revolution in there, the day to do it was Monday. Those guys were mad enough to try anything." But the problem of how to act remains. How to confront the seemingly intractable difficulties that face the outmoded mills of the Mahoning Valley. For all the hopes raised by the Coalition's plan, Gerald is worried that they have waited too long. "The problem is you've only got a short time-period to do somethin'. Things got started too slow. It'll take a miracle now to do it." And Ed Mann admits, "Community ownership is still a strange idea because people haven't seen it work."

Gerald tells a story about going to hear Gus Hall, chairman of the American Communist Party and former Youngstown steelworker, give a talk. He went, not because he was interested in "that Party bullshit," but to find out what things were like in Youngstown's mills during the Depression. He relates Hall's anecdotes about his organizing days with the United Steelworkers' "Flying Squadron," the day at the Stop Five mill when armed company police fired on the strikers. "When you think of what those guys had to go through, and yet they won, they organized." For Gerald, it is a story of hope, "Maybe we'll win too." But just as in the '30s, new ideas and new practices are necessary. Gerald knows it will not be the old-timers—neither Russell Baxter nor Gus Hall—who will invent them.

III

BY THE END of March, the Ecumenical Coalition was ready to present its most complete proposal to the federal government. Technical questions raised after the original feasibility

study last year had been answered. A detailed survey of over 600 potential purchasers within 200 miles of Youngstown reported more than adequate markets for the new firm. The original request of \$300 million in loan guarantees was pared to \$245 million. The agreement with the union had significantly reduced labor costs and the commitment of a major U.S. steel company president to serve as chairman of the board of Community Steel inaugurated the assembly of a management team. Finally, technical consultants had drawn up a 20-year income forecast which projected a profit-making firm within three years.

EDA's rejection came just a few days after this new information was submitted. In a meeting with Coalition leaders, presidential aide Jack Watson made it clear that the Commerce Department decision was made with the knowledge and support of President Carter. Administration officials indicate two reasons for the refusal—the amount of the loan guarantee request and the overall weak economic basis of the proposal. Neither is especially persuasive. The \$245 million figure does greatly exceed the EDA's official \$100 million limit on loan guarantees, but the government has known that this would be the case since last fall. At the time, Watson gave the strong impression that Youngstown was a special case to be judged on the feasibility of the project itself. While it has been no secret that Commerce Department analysts have been skeptical of the plan from the beginning, the fact that they simply ignored the Coalition's latest studies (funded by \$100,000 of government money) raises serious doubts about the economic foundations of their arguments. "We saw no indication that they even considered our most recent proposal," says Chuck Rawlings, an Episcopal priest who has been a key leader in the Coalition's efforts. "We had the sense that they had decided long before without telling us."

On May 31st, the Ecumenical Coalition's option to buy the Campbell Works will expire. While its leaders prepare a pastoral letter drawing the moral implications of the government's decision, technical consultants are trying to formulate an alternative plan—a project on a smaller scale involving less government money and employing less workers. There is also some talk of trying to make the community ownership project into a political issue, using the weight of labor support to pressure the administration to reconsider. Time, however, is very short and as yet there are no signs of how such a strategy might work. Meanwhile, the expected Brier Hill closing and cut-backs at U.S. Steel's Youngstown works will put 4100 more Mahoning Valley steelworkers out of work before the end of the year. Youngstown's crisis can only get worse.

It has been conventional wisdom among opponents of the Ecumenical Coalition and in certain publications of the national press that Mahoning Valley steelworkers do not really support its efforts. "The Coalition is all leaders and no followers," according to a local sociologist at Youngstown State University. "It's embarrassing," admits Bill Sferra, "not too many think it will work in reality." Such judgments hide as much as they reveal about the response of Youngstown's steelworkers. For if they have been restrained in their active

support, they have also been anxious to see the Coalition succeed. Ed Mann explains: "Workers aren't aggressively activists. We've been taught over the last thirty years that movements aren't clean. You can't expect dramatic changes in that attitude over the course of one year."

Thus, what might be termed the "passive support" of these men has been high. Many, including those only marginally aware of the Coalition's work, tell stories of old-timers who would come out of retirement to help start a community-owned mill, of young workers moved on to mills in Indiana who would return. "They'll come back in a minute," says one worker, "you see, their family is here; this is home." Or in the words of another, what is necessary is "a company we can trust."

Today, Youngstown's workers find it hard to trust anybody. One by one, the traditional markers of their social world—mill, job, union—have proven unsure. The government's decision only fuels their anxiety and their discontent. These men know that their needs are not being met. Increasingly they see that the old systems no longer deliver.

This context sets the boundaries for both the accomplishments and the dilemmas of the Ecumenical Coalition of the Mahoning Valley. Because Youngstown's crisis is in so many ways a crisis of traditional values, the community's churches have been drawn into the central role. In a sense, this role is a 'conserving' one but its political implications are far from 'conservative.' The Coalition is the defender of Youngstown's traditional working class culture. It searches for a means to maintain that culture in the face of far-reaching economic change. This is a complicated task, for in order to sustain the values that area workers hold dear—a sense of community, financial security, a job with which they can identify—that local culture itself must change. It must open itself to new ideas, new practices, new institutions. In such confrontations between culture and change, social innovation is born. Therein lies the immense potential of Youngstown's Ecumenical Coalition. Like the unemployed steelworkers of the Mahoning Valley, this potential will not just fade away; it is built into the pain and promise of social changes which will be with us for a long time. Youngstown's last chapter may also be its first.

Screen

HAIR TODAY

MORE THINNED THAN THINNED AGAINST

NO ONE lives in the Age of Aquarius today. Its "dawning," celebrated ten years ago in the musical *Hair*, turned out to be its twilight as well. Still, *Hair* remains pertinent. It continues to tell us something about our collective life as Americans. Popular shows usually do this. They are a revelation to us of ourselves, especially shows that are surpris-

ingly popular as *Hair* was. *Hair* was made on the novel premise that the hippies weren't really alienated from America. They were an expression of it. Whether this was true for hippies themselves or not, it was true enough for other Americans to make *Hair* enormously successful. On the one hand, people came into New York from Connecticut, Connecticut to see the show because they also yearned to be FREE, somehow, and *Hair* assuaged those yearnings. On the other hand, *Hair* made freedom safe. It made it into entertainment. It made hippies appealing and familiar. In *Hair*, the commune and the crash pad and the demonstration in the streets became a new kind of togetherness, a renewed and ideal Melting Pot. The show recognized in the dawn of its own new age the twilight's last gleaming for certain American dreams still widely cherished.

Hair was therefore not as hard to adapt to the screen ten years later as it might seem. The thing to do was get Milos Forman to direct the film. Forman is one of those Europeans whose perception of America is too weak and superficial to be dangerous. He is an immigrant Magoo, avoiding most harm and confusion in American culture by being oblivious to them. Since Forman didn't feel any of the rougher barbs and burrs in Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, he could certainly be trusted with *Hair*, which had far less potential for hard truths. Innocent adaptations of modern classics is becoming Forman's specialty. He flies across the Atlantic in jumbo-jet style, without paying any attention to the storm-tossed seas and swirling clouds beneath him. If there was any wildness or vexation with which the immediacy of the Vietnam war endowed the stage version of *Hair*, Forman hasn't responded to it in the movie. He has seen and elaborated only those aspects of the Broadway original which made it widely popular. In the true tradition of musicals, he has accentuated the positive, eliminated the negative, and not messed with Mr. In-Between.

During the Depression, when the movie musical was being invented, what kept America going was the feeling that we were all in the same boat. Forman's *Hair* has a similar vision of America, except that what we're all in now is a Lincoln Continental. That's what all the principals in *Hair* finally get in to drive and sing their way cross-country. It's a real ethnic Ark. In the original *Hair* the thing that all the street people had in common was their rootlessness. No one had a background or a home. Everybody was free-floating—a condition epitomized by the song "Frank Mills" in which a girl had tragically lost her boyfriend's address. But "Frank Mills" is one of the songs dropped from the movie version, where family backgrounds and off-stage homes are created for the major characters. It's as if Forman were trying to make more explicit the connection of these hippies with America at large—as if he were afraid the rest of us Americans might miss the point.

The Lincoln contains every race, creed and social persuasion—a very straight black lady and her little boy (archetypes of the new black bourgeoisie in the post-*Hair* era) along with a newly liberated debutante from Westchester and a drop-out from a lower-middle-class home in Queens. The only important character not in the car is Claude Bukowsky (John

Savage), whom the movie turns into a cowboy from Oklahoma. The car is, however, on its way to rescue Bukowsky from the military. We visit each of these characters from the original *Hair* in the different economic and regional background the movie has created for him. This is the movie's way of making them all more representative, like Congress.

The greatest innovation the movie has is its choreography by Twyla Tharp. Galt MacDermot's music with its fast, changing tempos meshes beautifully with the jerky, dislocated dancing that Tharp creates. The opening performance of "Aquarius" done in Central Park is almost strong enough by itself to carry the rest of the film on its flying coat tails. Yet the choreography finally seems, like the trite plot that the film manufactures around the original characters, only a way to keep us distracted—a way to keep any unpleasant associations in Ragni and Rado's lyrics at arm's length. This intention is especially apparent in the movie's brief reprise of the song "Three-Five-Zero-Zero," which makes music out of military body counts. In the Broadway version this song was a lead-in

to "What a Piece of Work Is Man," with lyrics by William Shakespeare. In the movie Shakespeare is cut, and "Three-Five-Zero-Zero" becomes a couple of minutes of cut-aways from a slapstick review of the troops at Bukowsky's boot camp.

Forman's editing of the dance sequences—lots of medium shots very rapidly spliced together—obstructs our view of the dancing itself. It gives the choreography the maddening quality of a dance seen under one of those bright, blipping strobe lights at a disco. It makes the dancing paradoxically static, as if we were seeing a series of quickly glimpsed tableaux or freeze frames. Or perhaps these are scenes from an American Pompeii that was cataclysmically suspended in time ten years ago and is only now being unearthed again by Forman's movie. Or maybe the editing in the dance sequences is just Forman's way of using his camera to break the original *Hair* into pieces, so it will fit into the Melting Pot once again. Maybe this movie is just our way of scrapping the hippies once and for all.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

MOBILIZING AROUND THE IDEA OF RESEARCH



The university press & the American mind

JACK MILES

THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITY press is flanked by two much larger institutions: the American university and American commercial publishing. Each of these is changing, and the changes have consequences for the university press.

The university press and the university. The college freshman class of 1992 was in the bassinets in 1974 when John Silber of Boston University wrote an article in *Atlantic* that, to the best of my knowledge, first brought educational demographics to a general audience. That class, he pointed out, was smaller by one-third than the freshman class of 1974. Between 1974 and 1992, supposing current rates of enrollment, the uni-

versity establishment would have to shrink by one-third. Silber translated this shrinkage into the failure of 200 universities of 5,000 enrollment or 500 colleges of 2,000 enrollment.

Since then, the grim demographics have become common knowledge, though there has been a little tinkering with the model. According to Nathan Keyfitz in "The Graduate Schools Lose Their Economic Base," (Working Paper 104 of Harvard's Center for Population Studies), 48 percent of current undergraduates are over 22. That could make a difference. More foreign students could make a difference. Lower infant mortality rates could soften the impact of lower birth rates. Still, even on the more optimistic estimates, enrollment will drop 25 percent by 1994; Keyfitz himself sees a 30 percent drop.

A painful further dimension is that the drop is not likely to occur in all schools equally. The very best schools, on the

one hand, and the presently least prestigious vocational and junior colleges, on the other, will retain their full enrollment. Obviously, then, if the overall decline is 30 percent, the four-year colleges and universities of the middle rank must absorb a 60 percent loss. Private schools with modest endowments will fail. State schools with disappearing enrollments will be closed as superfluous by legislatures. And as these closings make headlines, a judgment will seem to be passed on the worth of the bachelor's degree itself; in consequence, enrollments may drop even faster.

At first blush, university presses, which exist largely to facilitate communication among experts—the indispensable first step—rather than communication between experts and laymen, might seem less threatened by these changes than textbook publishers. Surely a disproportionate amount of research is both produced and consumed at those

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top-flight schools that are expected to survive. The university presses might seem just the kind of small craft that could ride out the coming storm.

But they are not that. The American university, with its four-year college and phalanx of grad schools, has coupled a version of the British, tutorial college to a version of the nineteenth-century German research university in a way that makes American research—and with it the university press—particularly vulnerable. Our undergraduate colleges may be teaching institutions *per se*, but our graduate schools are not research institutions *per se* but rather teacher training institutions. If the graduate schools of Harvard, Chicago, Berkeley, etc., could be uncoupled from the teacher training function, then the university presses might relate to them as to an essentially stable core market. Unfortunately, no such uncoupling has yet taken place. As we shall see, there are scattered signs of such a change, but as things stand, when undergraduate education is stable or shrinking, when, that is, new teachers are not needed, then graduate education even in the best schools must come to a standstill. When research is tied to graduate education, then research too must come to a halt. And as research comes to a halt, so finally must the publication of research by university presses.

There are mitigating factors, but the basic situation seems to be fully this grim. A Harvard dean recently remarked that the Harvard graduate school could meet the needs of all American higher education into the 1990s alone and without expanding. Obviously, the present university press establishment cannot continue to function for a market the size of the Harvard graduate school.

The University press and trade publishing. If their traditional market is gone, can university presses survive by selling to the general or “trade” market? And if they can, should they? Are their services in any sense required in the general market?

I think it obvious that at least a few university presses have the savvy to function as trade publishers if they can get the

capital from the government or private benefactors who want their kind of publishing to continue. Whether there is a special niche awaiting an adjusted kind of university press in the general market is another question. We may find one clue to the answer in the Rupert Murdoch phenomenon in newspaper publishing.

In the *Star*, his gossip celebrity newspaper, and to some extent even in his *New York Post*, Rupert Murdoch’s approach has been the bold one of dispensing altogether with advertising revenue, cutting his per-copy price dramatically, and filling his publications with sexy, violent, voyeuristic excitement. In the words of Anthony Smith (*The Nation*, 227, 17, p. 535), publisher Murdoch is:

a serious and determined social experimenter who achieves stunning results of a most depressing kind. In the late 20th century a gap is opening between media of high-information content and those of low-information content, a gap that represents a falling apart of a century old mass audience into its component elements . . .

The newest technologies and marketing mechanisms enable a vast variety of life styles to be identified and catered to, but these tend to congregate at the upper reaches of the market; below them lies a shrunken version of the old mass audience, neglected by advertisers and publishers alike, ready for anyone with the capital to exploit their emotions and their leisure time.

Advertising is much maligned, but advertising has been a kind of glue, causing a paper’s content, in Smith’s phrase, “to be aimed at a slightly higher level of the consuming public than the readership itself represented.” It has kept a coalition of readers together: those who never read the gossip column with those who only read the gossip column. By dispensing with the glue, Murdoch has been able to break the coalition apart and sell only the portion of the paper that the largest chunk of the coalition wants.

Now one may draw an analogy between the seasonal list of a major trade

publisher and the contents of a major daily. The book publisher is likely to have a book or two on his list from every category that appears in the daily. But what holds his list together? What keeps any given book on the list apart from sales? Advertising—pleasing advertisers, striking a desired tone—does not, since books contain no advertising. Positively, there are the wills of the editors, if a publisher chooses to respect them. Negatively, there has been the difficulty of producing a true profit-and-loss statement on an individual title. Best sellers bring in huge revenues, but they also occasion huge expenses. Slower sellers can bring a higher return on initial investment. But in all cases initial investment is very difficult to do the accounting for: everything from paper to editorial overhead changes from title to title. Publishing is an accountant’s nightmare. As a result, in the absence of detailed accounting information, publishers have had to guess—and hope—that a “good mix” was the most prudent policy.

Lately, however, thanks to computerization, detailed information—“title accounting”—is increasingly available. Publishing executives no longer need trust that a good editorial mix is a good commercial mix. They can check for themselves and, as necessary, divest themselves of unprofitable lines of books (and writers and editors) in the same way that the executives of other companies divest themselves of unprofitable subsidiaries. There are many mitigating factors, but in the long run, close accounting can hardly have any other result than this; otherwise, what would be its point?

It should not be assumed that close accounting will mean hard times for good books; but if there is any merit in the Rupert Murdoch analogy, then fairly soon we may begin to see a glittering assortment of expensive books for specialized tastes at the upper end of the present book market and a depressing monotony of entertainment at the lower end. As that happens, as the middle starts to vanish, there may be a new role for the university press in the trade market. To speak concretely, if there are books (and there are) whose content deserves to become part of the national conversation

but whose sales will not exceed 7500 and if trade publishers will not publish a book (and most will not) whose sales will not reach at least 12,000 then there may be a constituency both of writers and of readers in need of publishing assistance. If a profit can be turned on average per-title sales of 6,000 to 7,500, then that assistance can be provided by smaller, low-overhead publishers. If not, then perhaps the university presses should try to step in. Apart from the intrinsic merit in keeping an important kind of book available, the university presses just might make enough money on such publishings to underwrite some of their basic research. There is nothing at all novel about the hope to do that, but oddly, despite other besetting problems, the chance of actually doing it may be greater now than ever.

A book-pricing rule of thumb says that a paperback should cost no more than a movie ticket, a hardcover no more than a meal in a good restaurant. The university press version of this rule would be that a paperback should cost no more than a theater ticket, a hardcover no more than a meal in a very good restaurant. California's *First Images of America*, an illustrated collection of essays, sold for \$100, roughly (or have prices gone up since I left New York?) what one might spend on supper for two at Le Cygne. Sure, *Images* is a lifetime acquisition, a unique document, etc., while the pleasures of stuffed veal are fleeting. Nonetheless, there is no blinking the fact the book is a Le Cygne entrée for readers who are, both of them, even some libraries, on a Mama Leone budget. The university presses may serve a captive market, but at these prices, some of the captives may go on a hunger strike. Whatever the solution, university presses have got to think harder about pricing than they have.

The university press and the American mind. Though the marriage of research to teacher-training in the American university might seem ill-conceived on many counts, it did permit a much larger public expenditure on research, during the past generation, than ever would have been possible if things had been called by their right names. The

United States is a pragmatic country, convinced of the utility of sharing knowledge of proven worth but generally not convinced of the utility of seeking new knowledge. Under the guise of sharing proven knowledge, the American university actually undertook the largest effort at original research in the country's history. The post-World War II ascendancy of America in science was not simply the result of our postwar prosperity, the fertilizing effect of German Jewish refugees, or military/space research. It was in good measure the result of *more scientists*: a population explosion in the American scientific community even greater than the one in the student population.

In the social sciences and even in the humanities, America's growth spurt has been almost equally striking and equally owing to the university. Richard Stern has noted that writing has rarely been a self-sustaining occupation; in other countries and eras, the novelist has had a variety of occupations; in America in our own day, he has tended to be, at least part-time, a college teacher. Analogous comments could be made about artists, musicians and others. The nation may have intended nothing more than to give every kid who wanted one a college education, but the result has been that American ideas and images have become as much a common currency as the American dollar.

The question before the country now is whether or not it wishes to ratify what has happened and—by private or public means—fund research as such. If it does so wish, then the American academic accident may mature into a complex and vigorous American intellectual tradition. If it does not, with the ruse of teacher training no longer available, the present large and fertile generation of scientists, writers and artists will not reproduce itself. The United States—scarcely a major intellectual power as recently as, say, 1935—will return to its earlier humble estate.

There are some few signs of a decision to ratify. *Science* (20 April 1979, p. 286) has an article on "'Unfaculty' a Growing Factor in Research." These "unfaculty" are non-teaching, untenured research as-

sistants, some of whom are acknowledged to be doing extremely important work. As for the humanities, well, a small straw in a fitful wind was the announcement last Fall in *Variety* that the Fox studio was so depressed at the state of TV comedy that it had turned for help to some of the campuses known to sponsor creative-writing programs.* It would appear that without a healthy university, America not only can't maintain its amazing record in Nobel science prizes, it can't even come up with good gag lines for television.

University press publishing has been subsidized with the same concealed subsidy that research itself enjoyed. If through one improbable alliance or another the American academic accident does become an American intellectual tradition, then the university presses will undoubtedly prosper, for they have been the principal vehicle for sustained and serious communication among the beneficiaries of this accident. It is their books that will replenish the libraries, without which research is unthinkable. But if the universities themselves are making improbable alliances and undertaking untraditional tasks, so must the university presses. Publishing for the vanishing neglected middle of the trade market could be one such task. Others may emerge.

In his *Reflections on America*, Jacques Maritain expressed astonishment at the speed with which America could mobilize around a new idea and the equal speed with which she could demobilize when an idea went sour. During the growth phase of the American university, America came close to mobilizing around the idea of research as a proper part of the national welfare. Should that mobilization become permanent, then the growth phase will be seen in retrospect to have been a growth phase in the intellectual life of the country as a whole. But of course demobilization is at least equally possible. The exuberant adolescence that created the new American intellectual elite could end in a premature old age.

* A teen-aged friend of mine is taking creative writing. I asked him what he was learning. "How to creative write," he said, "what else?"

If the nation remains mobilized to some extent around the idea of research, it may be because certain persuasive academic leaders will have tied eminence in that area to the notion of the United States as a great power or even to rivalry

among the individual states. (In the latter connection, the University of California system has received no more handsome tribute than SUNY.) But whatever gimmicks are used, the question of research is pre-eminently the question whose reso-

lution will determine the future of the American university presses. More than on clever management or new markets, these presses depend on the continuing appeal of research as an idea in the American mind.

Books: THE REVOLUTION OF PRINT

THIS IS THE BOOK that some people think Marshall McLuhan wrote fifteen years ago, but they are wrong. In *The Gutenberg Galaxy*, you will remember, oracular utterances in heavy type studded prose that read like a brilliant academic talking wildly late at night. In retrospect, it is easy to see that McLuhan's inability to love the printed word he wrote about and used blinded him a little. He hid his scholarship under the prophet's mantle. When his gleeful prophecy of the demise of print was proved wrong, many assumed incorrectly that his very subject—how the means of communications shape the cultures that use them—was false, or not worth examination. Since McLuhan, people who study similar subjects have risked being dismissed as crackpots. Yet anyone in touch with modern scholarship knows that McLuhan extended and synthesized important insights of a host of traditional academics. For fifteen years we have been waiting for a deep level-headed examination of the ways in which print transformed Europe. Elizabeth Eisenstein has written that book.

McLuhan seemed too ready to reduce complex historical phenomena to illustrations of his theories of communications. Like some Marxist historians, McLuhan appeared unwilling to acknowledge that his brand of determinism could not explain everything. Eisenstein has an intimate familiarity with the great narrative of modern history since the 15th century. She boasts an unsurpassed feeling for the strengths and weakness of the ways in which historians have explained the great changes. No mania to

THE PRINTING PRESS AS AN AGENT OF CHANGE

Elizabeth L. Eisenstein
Cambridge, 2 vol. set, \$49.50, 794 pp.

John Ahern

find laws or principles of universal validity drives her. She is not afraid of detail. Her eye for the telling oddity, the crucial contradiction, is enviable.

She effectively demolishes Burckhardt's familiar division of European history into a Middle Ages and a Renaissance, but wisely concedes that these misnomers may still prove useful. Petrarch and Erasmus do not belong to the same age, no matter what you call it, or how you define it. Petrarch marks the apogee of a new lay Manuscript Culture that had begun with Dante and soon languished. Erasmus belongs to the new Republic of Letters which print had made possible. She provides original observations about the "discontinuity" of Manuscript Culture, even though it is not the subject of her book. Until the advent of print, manuscripts were forever being lost and found. Men in the sixteenth century consolidated the Classical Revival of the fourteenth century by printing, and so preserving, the texts it had recovered.

Eisenstein's book makes clear how badly we need to reexamine the various kinds of Manuscript Culture, which even she tends to dismiss as "monkish." (Her persistent use of that word, rather than the more usual "monastic" lends a pleasant Gibbonesque tang to her prose.) Closer attention must be paid to Dante and Boccaccio who wrote for large lay

urban audiences, persuading hardnosed Italian bourgeois to invest time and money in copying lengthy manuscripts for the joy of it. Ever since Burckhardt we have accepted too easily Petrarch's insinuation that something utterly new began with him. Something utterly new had begun, but a century earlier in the advanced forms of literacy evolved in Bologna, and which Dante (whom Petrarch imitated and loathed) was the first to exploit for non-utilitarian, cultural motives.

Eisenstein's long account of the intimate connections between print and the Reformation and Counter-Reformation will upset many of the pious commonplaces Catholics and Protestants entertain about those unlovely episodes. Everyone since Luther has understood that without printing there would have been no Reformation, but no one before Eisenstein had ever worked out the interrelations. She shows how people's ideas of authority and texts were radically changed by printing, thus preparing the way for the great debates on the roles of Scripture and the papacy in the church. The tale is sad. Protestants found that the more they studied Holy Writ, in an impassioned search for an authentic text, the more problems and inconsistencies they turned up, leading to division and loss of faith. Openly obscurantist Catholics begged the question by making a Latin translation, whose inadequacies were obvious to all, the only official version. A distrust of Scripture, utterly foreign to Catholic tradition, became part of Catholic culture in the sixteenth century. Eisenstein cites the example of a paranoid eighteenth century Jesuit, (who

25 May 1979: 309

sounds like a figure from a *conte* by Voltaire as rewritten by Borges) who thought most of Scripture was a late medieval forgery. The aggressive Protestant use of printing led to the creation of the Index of Forbidden Books. Protestant printers consulted that list when choosing titles for the heavily censored, lucrative Catholic markets of Southern Europe. The church's suppression of dangerous texts facilitated their circulation, and lined the pockets of the very men who printed the hated vernacular bibles. Print also encouraged the introduction of a new rigidity and uniformity into church discipline. Print divided the church into Catholics and Protestants. The two groups evolved separate, contrasting ways of dealing with print, and were each harmed and deformed by the unforeseeable consequences of their decisions. And yet, at the beginning, popes and bishops and reformers all welcomed Gutenberg's invention as a "divine" and "peaceful" art. Eisenstein's analysis prompts humble, grim reflections on the difficulty of using new technology wisely. After four centuries we are only beginning to understand print. How long

will it take us to realize what television is doing to us?

The last and longest part of this monumental study, constituting the entire second volume, shows how print enabled men of science to create what we call modern science. In her fascinating analysis of the Galileo case, Catholic obscurantism and fear of print again occupy center stage.

At times the book is long-winded, repetitive and unconvincing. The immensity of the project explains and justifies these minor faults. In the course of the book she indicates several dozen topics which deserve entire books to themselves—an index of how much she had to exclude from consideration. Her publisher would do well to persuade her to publish a slim version of this work for undergraduate use. I would not want to be without her massive documentation, but her ideas are too important to be left in this forbidding format. One foresees, and gladly so, a spate of books following on the paths she has indicated. A truly detailed study of printing and society in Italy from 1470 to, say, 1570 would probably hold a lot of surprises.

tradictory pressures to stay with the old communal values while being urged by the government to pursue modernization and economic productivity. The farms are so small and the land so poor that the fate of those who inherit is depressing. There is a scramble *not* to be the son who will have to inherit the land and be doomed to poverty, loneliness and the celibate service of old parents. Women will not marry into the harsh farm life; the village girls, along with the best and brightest sons, flee the isolated region to seek success in the cities or in America. Marriage rates decrease and the population declines even more. The pubs and the psychiatric hospital are filled with disproportionately high numbers of lonely bachelor farmers, the heirs who could not escape.

Scheper-Hughes successfully portrays the cultural double binds of the society and the strategies used to come to terms with the pressure. She is less successful when trying to show that patterns of Irish childrearing, sexual asceticism and religious commitment contribute to mental illness. The basic thrust of her argument is that the Irish repress and shame their children through the use of physical punishment and verbal aggressiveness. Self-esteem and self-acceptance is further injured by a rejection of the body and sexuality which distorts maternal nurturance and relationships between the sexes. Religious beliefs encourage more guilt and more conflicts through rejection of contraception and acceptance of total institutions. These cultural factors interact with the socioeconomic pressures to produce high rates of mental illness.

The evidence for this argument is muddled and filled with internal contradictions. While arguing for an Irish ambivalence toward children, Scheper-Hughes gives instances of extraordinary nurturance on the part of both men and women in tradition and folklore. The reported protests and complaints about physical punishment of children come from the villagers themselves. In fact no actual observations are offered of excessive punishment; old novels and an Irish psychiatrist writing in the newspaper are cited as the main sources. Scheper-Hughes shows little familiarity with the

An anthropologist in Ireland

SAINTS, SCHOLARS, AND SCHIZOPHRENICS:

MENTAL ILLNESS IN RURAL IRELAND

Nancy Scheper-Hughes

Univ. of California, \$14.95, 245 pp.

Sidney Callahan

IN 1975 Nancy Scheper-Hughes, a young anthropologist accompanied by husband and three children under five, lived for a year in a small seacoast village in western Ireland. The family was welcomed in pub, parlor and parish, and the husband was hired as a teacher in the secondary school. After the village was assured that the anthropological research on "Irish inter-personal relationships" would not be derogatory, everyone cooperated with the usual Irish zest for good talk. Gradually Nancy Scheper-Hughes decided to focus on the related topics of the death of the countryside,

anomie and mental illness. She began visiting the county psychiatric hospital to interview and give projective tests to the young patients. She gave the same tests to her husband's students as well as assigning them essay topics and value inventories. From the material she has tried to construct an ambitious analysis of the high rates of schizophrenia, alcoholism and stress diseases in western Ireland.

The result is fascinating, provocative and fun to read, but only partially convincing. When Nancy Scheper-Hughes stays with her descriptive material she emerges as a perceptive, witty observer of an equally engaging group of people. The writing is good; and this Celtic enclave, with its history, customs and present dilemmas, becomes a reality needing no suspension of disbelief. We see how much things have changed since the classic study of the Irish countryman by Conrad Arensberg. We feel the con-

recent work in child development stressing cognitive interpretation of parental actions as primary. She relies on old psychoanalytic sources and never seems to have heard of the likes of Kagan and Piaget who cast a different light on early child development.

Scheper-Hughes also seems strangely insensitive to the religious idealism of the people. It is as if her hostility to the sexual repressiveness of Irish Jansenism, a hostility always to be encouraged, has made her tone-deaf in her interpretation of religious phenomena. It will not do to explain in a paragraph that Joan of Arc, Francis of Assisi and Saint Brendan are examples of psychotics whose delusions "pinpoint the trouble areas in a given community." Wait till they read that one in the pub in Ballyban!

She does report that women have "honor and right" in the church and that males must stand far from the altar and not dare receive communion frequently. But other feminist aspects of the culture are not appreciated. Here is a society in which women are equal, girls are reared to be achievers, women need not marry; single women have careers, and there is an absolute proscription against rape. Married women keep their maiden names, work until childbirth and expect to have easy births (without Lamaze training). Social life is not confined to couples, and dress and meal preparation are minimized. In the non-conjugal households of sisters and brothers, the equality and freedom of the women makes them reluctant to marry, even though the mother is a dominant figure in the family. Yes, I think Scheper-Hughes makes her case that the marital relationship suffers and that male sexuality and aggression are repressed; but the Mother Goddess worshiped by the ancestors of these Celts might not disapprove.

The maternal familial emphasis in the culture may also account for the positive attitude toward total institutions. The church, hospital, school and seminary, which Scheper-Hughes sees as refuges from intimacy and sexuality, can also be seen as extensions of the family. Many nations of homogeneous people respond in a trusting way to their institutions; such acceptance of authority is very

foreign to pluralistic, heterogeneous suspicious America where individual and group rights have to be vigilantly protected.

The point never discussed in this account of a culture is whether some repressions are worth the price. Sex and aggression are severely repressed, but it appears that wit, learning, music, the work ethic and altruistic sacrifice for family and ideals flourish despite the depressed economy. In filling out value inventories the high school students insisted on adding "self-discipline" and "a happy death" to the list. These regularly outranked "wealth" and "power."

On the self-disciplined way to a happy death the village did not seem to have any instances of assault, rape, theft, adultery, divorce, or crime. Alcoholism, mental illness and depression in the never-ending rain were the main problems. Which leads to the questions—in a crunch, do you prefer people taking things out on themselves or on others?

A final issue presented by the book is the ethics of field research such as this.

Did these people really give informed consent for the study of their "schizophrenic" family patterns? Is it fair to quote an informant who tells you something while waiting "in a slow moving line" to go to confession? Nancy Scheper-Hughes is sensitive to these problems and expresses regrets for any affronts. But in the end she plowed on and probably got her doctorate out of it and was awarded a new research grant.

Are these people going to feel betrayed by this book? Probably so. One special irony is that Scheper-Hughes describes the people as anxious about "penetration, loss, retentiveness, and vigilance"; she points to a "lack of communications" and "basic trust" toward outsiders. This, after she reports being accepted in the village and given reams of trusting communications and countless conversations about intimate matters! Her own 200 pages of material contradict her appraisal. It's enough to make a hospitable people really defensive. After the English there's still the problem of the invading social scientist.

Here one of the world's most exciting theologians focuses his attention on the question of Freud's atheism. In the course of his discussion, Küng traces Freud's views on religion and religious longing, presents for comparison the attitudes toward religion of Jung and Adler, and shows finally that Freud's arguments against the existence of God are theologically unsound. He concludes with a frank and provocative discussion of what psychoanalysis may be able to teach the Catholic Church.

"A balanced, sensitive reading of Freudian philosophy."
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Yale
University Press
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FREUD and the problem of GOD

Hans
Küng

translated by
Edward Quinn



The struggle to understand

THE CHRISTIAN TRADITION

A HISTORY OF THE DEVELOPMENT OF DOCTRINE

VOLUME III: THE GROWTH OF MEDIEVAL THEOLOGY (600-1300)

Jaroslav Pelikan

Univ. of Chicago, \$17.50, 333 pp.

Marjorie O'Rourke Boyle

FOR CATHOLIC intellectuals this is a necessary, if difficult, book; it needs to be studied and not merely read. Dense with citations from medieval literature, the sources for which march down the margins of every page, it confronts readers with the very words in which theologians of that age we call "middle" debated and so developed church doctrine. This is a book about what the church then "believed, taught, and confessed," and in that intention lies its instruction.

The faith of that church is understood normatively, however, with little attention to lay piety. The book unfolds what peasants at plough ought to have believed rather than what they may have actually believed. Its discussion is also perhaps too abstracted from the church's symbiosis with society, whose political, economic, and aesthetic expressions must surely have influenced theological concepts. Yet if in joining the rare company of theologians we rise to the ether of ideas, Jaroslav Pelikan nevertheless means his volume to differ from those standard histories of medieval doctrine which reduce themselves to histories of thought. Little is said therefore about Thomas Aquinas. Although the author's decision will startle Catholics educated to equate medieval theology with Aquinas, it is historically just. Only when Cajetan's commentary (1507-20) on the *Summa theologiae* shifted the primary and universal theological exercise in the schools away from commentary on the *Sentences* of Peter Lombard did Aquinas begin to acquire authority beyond the Italian devotees of his own Order. If the church then was not believing,

confessing, and teaching Aquinas, what was it about?

This volume investigates the developing concerns of theologians in the West from 600-1300 to articulate and understand a common faith in the economy of salvation and its communication of grace. Controversy on some particular questions, such as the real presence of Christ in the Eucharist, may now seem so securely decided as to appear exquisite. Other issues such as authority are perennial. But the value of this book for laymen is not as a compendium of the doctrines which were developed in those centuries. Rather it can promote the knowledge that they were developed. To appreciate this process is to understand tradition: not distilled as the teaching of the *Baltimore Catechism* or the neo-scholastic manuals on which generations of American Catholics have been bred, but as the historical struggle of men in the Spirit (and out of the Spirit) to understand that they might believe and believe that they might understand. Professor Pelikan's copious citation from the authors themselves then is not only excellent scholarship but wise pedagogy. Only by attending to the very words in which theologians in the past have searched for a consensus of faith can one appreciate the variety of gifts (and opinions) amid which the church has still maintained its integrity.

This volume is the middle one in a

projected series of five, of which *The Emergence of the Catholic Tradition (100-600)* and *The Spirit of Eastern Christendom (600-1700)* have already appeared. Both are now available in affordable paperback editions. The series is obviously the indispensable text for graduate theological study in the development of doctrine, and an important

Out of the many tribes and languages of the human race this one catholic church gathered men together into the unity of the one true faith. . . . Yet it would be a mistake to equate the unity of the church with uniformity. The church was 'wrapped around with varieties' of custom, order, age, and gender.

—The Growth of Medieval Theology (600-1300)

reference for scholars of religious and intellectual history as well. It can and should be more generously appropriated, however. If laymen are to assume their responsibility for the spiritual and intellectual life of the church, they need to learn how that church has developed and defined itself over almost two millennia, lest even the welcome documents of the Second Vatican Council solidify into ideology. Instruction for laymen in church history has been meager, too often merely substituting popes-and-heresies for the kings-and-battles approach of secular historiography. Professor Pelikan's series marks a significant departure, and in him we have at last a master teacher.

Dutch treat

THE EVOLUTION OF DUTCH CATHOLICISM, 1958-1974

John A. Coleman

Univ. of California, \$20, 336 pp.

Ronald Modras

UNTIL THE mid-1950's by any standard, the Catholic church in Holland was one of the most traditional in Europe. But then revolutionary changes began to take place, and Dutch Catholi-

cism took on an international significance all out of proportion to Holland's size or numbers. John Coleman has chronicled that evolution, providing both historical background and sociological analysis. The result is a superb work of scholarship with implications worth considering for Catholicism throughout the western world.

Coleman, a professor of the sociology of religion at Berkeley, asks the question: how did the model church of tradi-

tionalist Catholicism become the avant-garde? How was Holland deviant within world Catholicism? He does not find the answer in any theological or structural changes unique to the Netherlands. The answer lies rather in Holland's willingness to be a bellwether and implement the spirit and strategies of Vatican II with a speed and thoroughness not found in other national churches.

Coleman adopts Neil J. Smelser's analysis of the structural differentiation which societies undergo when seeking resolution of some problem. He proposes a seven-stage model of evolution: 1) detection of the problem; 2) communication of the problem; 3) holding the problem at bay; 4) analysis of the problem; 5) proposal of institutional forms to resolve the problem; 6) essay and evaluation of the proposals; 7) locking in and consensus. After being long held at bay, the problem of widespread dissatisfaction with traditional, authoritarian Catholicism was finally analyzed at Vatican II (stage four). In Coleman's view, other churches are still in stage four or five, but Holland is well into stage seven.

Coleman credits the Dutch bishops for the difference, as well as the peculiar "columnization" of Dutch society into four major pillars or columns: Protestant, Catholic, Socialist, and laissez-faire Liberal, each with its own political parties, newspapers, and broadcasting companies. Within this pluralistic milieu, Dutch Catholics possessed all the resources necessary for providing a unique laboratory for forging new, collegial structures.

As recently as 1954, the Dutch bishops prohibited Catholics under pain of excommunication from membership in a socialist union or from extensive reading of socialist newspapers. Archbishop Alfrink defended this action with an appeal to a linear, hierarchical chain of command, which saw bishops as agents of the pope, priests as agents of their bishop, and laity as agents of the clergy. But then in 1959, the bishops began to propose a new dialogic form of authority. From 1959 to 1965, Holland joined the international Catholic Church in analyzing its problems (stage four). Responsible public criticism was encouraged. New role

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Case study tracing the origins, history, and tactics of this important freedom movement. Focuses on the continuing dispute: would open protest endanger or protect those for whom it is undertaken. Compares this movement with previous American efforts to aid victims of foreign national policies and war. Published in June. \$15.00

University of Massachusetts Press
Box 429, Amherst, MA 01002



definitions began to emerge. The role of bishop, for example, changed from one of religious monarch to that of socio-ethical leader within the Catholic and broader secular community.

From 1966 to 1974, Dutch Catholicism went through stages five and six, pioneering new institutional forms. The Dutch Pastoral Council served not only as a church parliament but as a social movement, in which the laity constituted the majority and discussed with bishops, clergy, theologians, and specialists their views on all issues of pastoral policy, including, to the chagrin of the Vatican, the issue of mandatory clerical celibacy. A variety of institutional forms have brought ecumenism in Holland beyond dialogue to an incipient but real coalition of Catholic and Protestant churches, bound by "semi-federative" ties. This period also saw institutional guarantees established for theological pluralism. The Dutch bishops have taken the stance that the best way to preserve fidelity to tradition consists in permitting mutual disagreements among theologians to serve as a form of built-in self-censorship.

Holland's theological pluralism is reflected in a wide range of groups, openly engaged in contestation. Coleman examines the full spectrum of these groups as well as the issues which divided them and caused severe tensions between Holland and Rome. He discusses the dispute over the Dutch Catechism, the use of laicized priests in pastoral service, the attempts to streamline procedures for the annulment of marriages. In all this, Coleman related how Rome has attempted to isolate the Dutch bishops from the world episcopacy and how the Dutch bishops have countered by relying on the free flow of information and public discussion as their most powerful tactic.

Despite its reputation as *enfant terrible*, Dutch Catholicism is by no means uniformly progressive. In Holland, like everywhere else, a wide spectrum of attitudes exists. The difference lies not in the directions Dutch Catholics have been moving but the tempo at which they have institutionalized new collegial structures and disseminated the theology of Vatican

II. Dutch Catholicism is presently in the final stage of structural differentiation whereby new structures are being firmly consolidated against efforts at reversal.

Coleman contends that Roman authorities, hostile to developments in Holland, have not been successful in arresting the changes that have been taking place. He proves his point with the cases of the Roman appointments of bishops Adrien Simonis and Jan Gijsen against the will of the majority of Dutch Catholics and clergy. Simonis has been brought to full cooperation within the collegial structures and Gijsen has been blocked at every point in his efforts to overturn them. The appointment of Cardinal Jan Willebrands is regarded by Coleman as a sign that those in Rome responsible for the appointment of Simonis and Gijsen have lost influence, if not face.

The crisis that has marked Dutch Catholicism in the last decade is not one of eclipse or demise but rather adaptation. Although there has been some leakage of Catholics from the church, it has been no greater after 1960 than it was before; a slight decline in the Catholic population is attributable to a decline in the birthrate. Although attendance at Sunday Mass is down somewhat, the statistics for Mass attendance in Holland are still higher than those for Catholics in Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland, and more than double those for either Italy or France. And while the number of ordinations to the celibate priesthood has declined, more than a thousand students are enrolled in theological centers, most of them preparing for non-ordained pastoral work. As Coleman puts it, "only an implicit identification of the church with the clergy can justify pessimism about the pastoral possibilities."

Coleman is sanguine in his prognosis for the future of Dutch Catholicism. One of the merits of his study is the considerable amount of data he marshals as evidence to support his optimism. Other merits are its clarity of organization, lucidity of style, and willingness to translate both sociology and theology for readers not initiate in the fields. His work deserves reading by those critical of the present and anxious about the future di-

rection of the Catholic church in the West, ready to turn the clock back on what has transpired since Vatican II.

When the full sweep of 20th century Catholic history is written someday, a long chapter will be devoted, with good

reason, to the dramatic transformation that transpired in Holland. 21st century historians will have a valuable source in John Coleman's comprehensive analysis of the pilot church of post-conciliar Catholicism.

Mortality and vitality

THE GEORGE ELIOT LETTERS

Gordon S. Haight, ed.

Yale University, \$60, Vol. 8, 491 pp., Vol. 9, 539 pp.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES: A VICTORIAN MIND

Hock Guan Tjoa

Harvard University, \$10, 172 pp.

Joseph Wiesenfarth

THESE TWO volumes of *The George Eliot Letters* are supplementary to the seven already published (1954-55). They do not therefore tell a new story so much as fill in the gaps in the old one. George Eliot, born Mary Ann Evans in 1819 (later calling herself Marian), came from Warwickshire to London in 1851 to edit the *Westminster Review* for the enterprising philanderer, John Chapman. There she met George Henry Lewes, who was unhappily married to a spectacularly unfaithful wife whom he could not divorce. Marian and he fell in love, eloped in 1854, called themselves Mr. and Mrs. Lewes, and lived in complete harmony until his death in 1878. At Lewes's urging she tried her hand at fiction, took the name George Eliot, and wrote, among other novels, a best-seller, *Adam Bede* (1859), and her masterpiece, *Middlemarch* (1871-72).

Reading these letters is at times a poignant experience because the facts of mortality crowd rapidly one upon another. Lewes, Eliot, and John Blackwood, their publisher, for instance, die within two years of each other and only a relatively few pages apart. The same is true for Lewes's sons, Thornton and Herbert, who, dying six years apart of their exertions and the climate of Natal, give the impression of following

each other with heartbreaking rapidity to the grave. Two volumes of letters have a way of telescoping time that seven do not; thus the impact of events is greater. The letters between the father and his sons, and then between him and Herbert's widow, are particularly affecting and preserve a side of the Lewes's life that is rarely looked at.

There are many salient moments related to George Eliot too. After she goes off with Lewes, she is slandered by former friends, but not by Charles Bray: "She must be allowed to satisfy her own conscience. . . . I have known her for years and should always feel that she was better by far than 99/100 of the people I have ever known." In another touching incident, George Eliot, the well known non-believer, visits Assisi and falls into conversation with an old monk. "She saw that he watched to see whether she crossed herself with holy water and would not pain him by not doing it, so he went on to give her a little book containing a life of St. Francis"—a book that she kept the rest of her life.

If a volume of letters can have heroines and villains, then George Eliot and Herbert Spencer seem to fit the bill. Professor Haight, having finally pried loose their correspondence from the British Museum, publishes Marian's passionate proposal of marriage to Spencer, which he turns down on the grounds that she is too ugly to love. Heartsick about Spencer and pestered by Chapman, she carries on as editor of the *Westminster*, writing business letter after love letter to keep the review afloat. As a novelist she shows equal determination: sick with kidney stones, headaches, and self-doubts, she writes her novels in spite of herself. And as a widow, crushed by Lewes's untimely death, she puts her life in order, saying, "One gets calmer about oneself,

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remembering others," Lewes was not fanciful, it seems, when he said of her, "She is a Mediaeval Saint with a grand genius."

When Turgenev writes to her on Lewes's death that "All your friends, all learned Europe mourns with you," one suspects that Lewes was nearly a grand genius too. This is the theme of Hock Guan Tjoa's book about him.

Lewes was born to comfortable middle-class parents in 1817 and educated in England and abroad. He learned Greek well enough to read the tragedians easily and to call Thomas Francklin, who translated Sophocles badly, "one of the most astonishing block-heads in the records of poetry." He learned French well enough to chat with Charles Lamb Kenny "in Burgundian *patois*," both "pretending to be French peasants discussing apocryphal wines." He enjoyed the friendship of Dickens, Carlyle, Mill, Tennyson, Browning, and other eminent Victorians. He wrote criticism, novels, plays, and biography, treatises on philosophy, science, and psychology; he founded and edited literary journals and did a bit of stage-acting on the side. He was both an original thinker as well as a popularizer and earned the respect of his contemporaries: John Morley "put him very high as a philosopher, Huxley as a physiologist; Arnold thought him strongest as a dramatic critic."

As one of the most vital and energetic Victorians, Lewes doesn't translate very well as a "Mind" only—especially in 138 pages of text, and more especially when the first 30 pages give a lively account of his varied career and the last 108 pages give, for the most part, a duller set of summaries and excerpts from the spectrum of his writings, Mr. Tjoa makes the mistake of trying to have his book substitute for the reading of Lewes's books. As a result the very engaging Lewes comes across less happily than one would expect.

For readers interested in a walk through the gallery of his canon, however, this book should serve as a Baedeker to point out such highlights of the tour as the popular *Biographical History of Philosophy* (1845), with its anti-metaphysical bias, which introduced

Comtean Positivism to an English audience; *The Life and Works of Goethe* (1855), which was a benchmark literary biography in its day; the *Fortnightly* articles on Darwin (1868), which provided an informed contemporary commentary on the question of natural selection that so vexed the Victorian Age; the *Problems of Life and Mind* (1874-79), completed by George Eliot, which attempts a synthesis of "seasoned empiricism" and "religious rationalism" and tries to find "a meaningful vision of man and things."

In his book *Sea-side Studies* Lewes derided lists of details that crowded Victorian books and journals as "no better than the observations of Chaldean shepherds, which produced no Astronomy in centuries of watching." One has a sense in reading the present study that the presentation of details is too frequent and the elucidation of their signifi-

cance too rare. Hock Guan Tjoa has assembled some of the fascinating pieces of George Henry Lewes's various and colorful intellectual enterprises, but inevitably one wishes that the kaleidoscope had been given the final missing satisfying turn.

This is precisely the turn that Gordon S. Haight gives to the pattern of George Eliot's life in the *Letters*. Volume 9 concludes with 30 pages of *Addenda and Corrigenda* to volumes 1 to 7 and with a 178-page index to all 9 volumes. A lifetime's work of inestimable historical value thus comes meticulously to an end. "In its editorial scruple and appetite," George Steiner wrote recently in another context, "twentieth-century academia is recomposing for us the smallest particulars of nineteenth-century life." No sentence could more acutely describe the achievement of *The George Eliot Letters*.

Miracle of friendship & hope

FOUR HASIDIC MASTERS AND THEIR STRUGGLE AGAINST MELANCHOLY

Elie Wiesel

Univ. of Notre Dame, \$7.95, 140 pp.

Jack Riemer

IT MUST have been such a remarkable scene when these lectures were given at Notre Dame. On the platform Elie Wiesel, scion of Viznitz, who but for the Holocaust would have probably lived out his years in the village of Sighet. And in the audience priests and nuns who had probably never heard of Naftali of Ropshitz or Pinchas of Koretz or any of these figures that Wiesel brings to life in these lectures. Father Hesburgh, the president of Notre Dame, captures something of the drama of the scene in his very moving introduction to this book. He tells of how in the middle of one of the lectures Wiesel broke from his text and exclaimed: "I marvel! What is a Hasidic Jew doing here?—But it is right!"

And it was right because by then Wiesel had somehow succeeded in forming his audience into a community, into a group that came not in order to learn

techniques of story-telling that they could use in teaching others, and not in order to judge how he told his tales, but that came to hear what he had to say to *them*. As Hesburgh describes it, these were people who were listening, not just out of respect but out of fascination, and out of fascination less with the exotic than with a deeply felt common element that linked them together with the speaker despite all the many obvious cultural differences between them.

Notre Dame and Ropshitz? Priests and Rebbes? Worlds that had existed side by side and never touched in Eastern Europe came together in Indiana. In Eastern Europe the priest was the enemy to the Jew, the Jew was the devil to the priest. Now in Indiana the priest was the student, the companion-in-search, who listened to these Hasidic tales and heard them, not as excursions into a quaint past but as keys to his own spiritual situation.

What exactly are these lectures? They are not formal factual discourses, although they are obviously the product of much learning and of first-hand acquaintance with the primary sources. They are essentially the retelling of a saga and the

recreation of a special moment in Jewish history, a moment in which a corps of charismatic people rose to heights of friendship and concern for each other, for their disciples, and for the world that is rare.

"Friendship" and "concern" are the key motifs of this book. For Wiesel, Hasidism is not a theology or a philosophy. It is not an abstract system of ideas or a conception of the Deity. It is a friendship and a concern for people and for God. Hasidism is the opposite of solitude. It is a sense of being bound up together with all other human beings in their joy and in their distress and of being bound up with God in his joy and in his distress.

At the heart of Hasidism was this kinship, this relationship between Rebbe and disciple, a relationship in which each affected the other. The Rebbe gave hope and spirit and meaning out of his heart to his people, but there were more of them than there were of him, and they wore away at his spirit as much as or more than he uplifted theirs. And so these men who could move others to joy were themselves stricken with melancholy. These doctors of the soul were themselves often sick with despair. These Rebbes whom everyone else leaned on were themselves

the only ones without a Rebbe to lean on, and so their lives were often dark and sad.

The story with which this book begins sets the tone for all that follows. A disciple once came to Pinchas of Koretz and begged for help. The disciple confessed that his world was filled with turmoil and sadness, that all words seemed empty, all men seemed bestial, all life seemed dull. He pleaded with the Rebbe to tell him what to do.

"Go and study," said the Rebbe. "It is the only remedy I know. Torah contains all the answers. Torah is the answer."

"Woe unto me," said the disciple, "I can't study. So shaky are my foundations, so all-pervasive are my doubts that my mind finds no anchor. I open the Talmud and contemplate it but aimlessly. I remain riveted to the same page, to the same problem. What must I do, Rebbe, what must I do?"

When a Jew can provide no answer, he at least has a tale to share. And so Rebbe Pinchas of Koretz invited the student to come closer, and then said with a smile: "Know, my young friend, that what is happening to you also happened to me. When I was your age I stumbled over the same obstacles. I, too, was filled with doubts and questions. I wallowed in doubt, I was locked in despair. I tried study, prayer, meditation—in vain. I tried penitence, solitude, silence—in vain. Then one day I learned that Rebbe Israel Baal Shem Tov would be coming to our town. Curiosity led me to the place where he was receiving his followers. When I entered he was just finishing his prayers. He turned around and saw me, and I was convinced that he was seeing me, me and no one else—but so was everyone else in the room. The intensity of his gaze overwhelmed me, and I felt less alone. And strangely, I was able to go home, to open the Talmud, and to plunge into my studies once more. You see," said Rebbe Pinchas of Koretz, "the questions remained questions, but I was able to go on . . ."

And then Wiesel explains the tale in words that are a succinct summary of what Hasidism is all about: "What did Pinchas of Koretz try to teach his young visitor? One: not to give up; even if some

questions are without answers, to go on asking them just the same. Two: one must not think that one is alone and that one's inner tragedy is exclusively one's own, others have gone through the same sorrow and endured the same anguish. Three: one must know where to look and to whom. Four: God is everywhere, even in pain, even in the search for faith. Five: a good story in Hasidism is not about miracles, but about friendship and hope—the greatest miracles of all."

I like that last sentence for its gentle irony and its truth. It seems to be a put-down of miracles which so many think is what Hasidism was all about. But then it turns out to be an affirmation of friendship and hope, which are the real core of Hasidism, and which are also miracles, perhaps the greatest miracles of all.

At the one level what could seem more parochial than a pietistic movement that flourished a century ago in the villages of Eastern Europe, a movement led by men

REVIEWERS

JOHN AHERN is assistant professor of Italian at Stanford University in California.

SIDNEY CALLAHAN is assistant professor of psychology at Fairfield University Graduate School of Education. Her books include *The Illusion of Eve* and *Parenting*.

MARJORIE O'ROURKE BOYLE has just been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to write her third book on Erasmus's theological method.

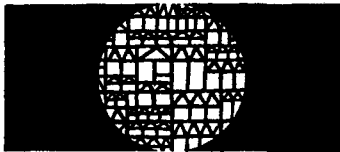
JOSEPH WIESENFARTH is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin-Madison. He has written extensively on nineteenth-century fiction; his most recent book is *George Eliot's Mythmaking*.

RONALD MODRAS is currently a Visiting Scholar at Harvard Divinity School. He is the author of *Paul Tillich's Theology of the Church* (Wayne State).

RABBI JACK RIEMER is Scholar-in-Residence of the Congregation B'nai Amoona in St. Louis. His books include *Jewish Reflections on Death* (Schocken).

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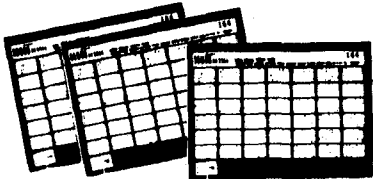
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who never heard of Goethe or Voltaire, who were never heard of by Beethoven or Kant, who dressed in special clothes in order to stress their differentness from the world outside, who spoke no language but their own Jewish one, who read in no cultures and who spoke to no society but their own? What could be more parochial, more provincial, more isolated than this sect? And yet, as Elie Wiesel demonstrated at Notre Dame, and as is becoming more and more clear to many sensitive people, to a society such as ours that is so fragmented, that needs so much to create a sense of community, to a society that has so much scientific knowledge and so little sense of purpose, to a society that is able to set foot on the moon but does not know how to lift a head up from the ground, to such a society the story of Hasidism and its efforts to give man dignity and joy and purpose on this planet speaks with power and with relevance. This is what happened at Notre Dame, and through this book, in which those lectures take written form, this is what can happen to us.

Correspondence

(Continued from page 290)

I must confess that we allow our children to read or write during Sunday Mass should the sermon or service become too long, provided of course they are sufficiently discreet about it. A few Sundays ago, during the 10 A.M. Mass, I looked over my six-year-old's shoulder as he wrote the following verse: "The Unknown face of God . . . is love, joy, life, and death. It is . . . looking at the future, looking into time. Sadness, happiness, and into our new freedom." (unedited) Not bad, not bland.

M. F. O'NEIL/CLEARY

An anti-brief

Wall, N.J.

To the Editors: Since November I have read *A Catch of Anti-Letters* by Thomas Merton and Robert Lax five times. Twice I read Michael True's review [Mar. 30] "In Brief"—just to be sure I got it right the first time.

One who reads the "letters" with the mind only might think them sketchy or "thin." When read with the mind and heart they are found to be a rich and deep look at the friendship that existed between these two extraordinarily creative men. But in the midst of all their joking and carrying on (the various pseudonyms they use to sign these letters are punch lines all by themselves!) we find out about subjects that were of interest to Merton and Lax and others, namely: solitude, ecumenism, race, peace and the condition of poetry.

What need for Brother Patrick Hart to "shore up" these letters? They're to be enjoyed. And they stand alone. Indeed, Merton speaks to something much like this when talking about Lax's poetry: "Let us for the moment set aside the reader of your book who will not play all or nothing and will not attend to every bit of black and white, etc. For him there is nothing, there is nothing there, set him aside . . . stop the train and let him off . . . the guys who do not go all the way to the real poem better stop the train and get off, and they already have, they were never on the train in the first place."

Perhaps one problem in reviewing such a book is to try to do it "In Brief."

GREGORY J. RYAN

Father Smyth

Solomon Islands
To the Editors: I am gathering materials for a book on the American Episcopalian Marxist theologian, F. Hastings Smyth (1888-1960) and the religious community he founded in Cambridge, Mass. in 1939, the Society of the Catholic Commonwealth.

Although Fr. Smyth was quite critical of the (pre-Vatican II) Roman Catholic Church for its politics and theology, it seems possible that he may have had contact with individual Roman Catholics on the political left. I am interested in corresponding with any of your readers, Roman Catholic or otherwise, who may have known Fr. Smyth or the S.C.C.

(REV.) TERRY BROWN

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